

THE BULLETIN

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY

Vol. 1 - No. 9

Greensburg, Indiana

February 12, 1961

THE LAST MEETING

The second annual dinner meeting of the Society was very successful. It would seem that the guests were not quite prepared for their being taken back those hundred years to the time of the Civil War - as transplanted they were - by a very able speaker. That they found the evening a pleasure as well as a delightful surprise, witness the following comments -

"I could have listened to it all over again. It was an evening long to be remembered." . . . . .  
"The dinner and the party last night was so right. Never have I had such a nice time." . . . . .  
"I thoroughly enjoyed it. The man could have talked on and on." . . .  
"For me, not at all informed on the Civil War - he didn't talk over my head." One dissenter. "No doubt the man had the correct information, but I am not yet convinced, that 12 year old boys went to the Civil War." . . . . .  
"Col. Bates was so interesting that I just couldn't believe that it was over."  
"Much of the music that was played during the dinner, had not been heard by many of us for perhaps a generation."

The work of the Dinner Committee in its attention to the details deserves more than just the passing tribute that we can give it here. There was not a hitch.

Mr. Stuart Wilder, Jr., of Columbus, Indiana, the very personable great-grandson of our Gen. John T. Wilder attended and spoke briefly.

A feller sed tu Nate Swails you hev bin comin tu see my daughter fer a long time now-why dont you come down tu biz-ness en Nate sed alright-how much air you goin tu leave her. - - GOSH

OCCASION: Regular meeting  
SPEAKER: Surprise!  
TIME: Tuesday Night, Feb. 28th  
7:30 P.M. Fast Time  
PLACE: Billings Elementary School  
W. Washington St.,  
Greensburg, Indiana

Variety they say, is the spice of life. For this program we have a variety-we have a capable speaker, discussing an unusual subject, that could be a hair-raiser, plus another feature that proved to be very entertaining on another occasion. Our particular group should find it even more so. The satisfaction of being thrown together with other fine people, kindred spirits, having common interests, should go to round out another good evening and another meeting of the Decatur County Historical Society.

BRING AS MANY GUESTS AS YOU LIKE!  
EVERYBODY IS WELCOME!

Please note that the Billings Elementary School is located on W. Washington Street, just off U.S. 421. There are ample parking facilities East of the building. NO SMOKING PLEASE!

Those are the rules!

TOO MUCH MEETING-TOO MUCH CIVIL WAR!

He arising early on Sunday morning, after the dinner meeting, proceeded to get his own breakfast. She, a late sleeper appears in the kitchen.

He - "Now that we are in the field, everybody must get his own breakfast."  
She - "Well that's just fine. I hope you will remember when the chicken is to be fried this noon."

## EARLY DAYS

"There was, first of all, a dispute concerning the location of the church. The common choice seemed to favor Rossburg, a town two miles distant, where the post office was located later, but the decision of Gerhard Bohmann prevailed, especially when he donated the land for the church, which was about six acres in extent." (The log church).

"Bishop St. Palais used to speak highly of this log church. When in 1849 he visited the congregation of his diocese, night overtook him at Rossburg, two miles from Enochsburg. Now Rossburg was so small a place that its name alone was at all notable. The Bishop stopped at the best hotel, a small dwelling, and after supper, was shown to his bed in the garret. In the morning he found that the beautiful snow had forced its way beneath the clapboard roof and had covered him considerably."

"Beside the failing health of Father Rudolf and the completion of the church, there was another reason for the establishment of a resident pastor at Enochsburg, and that was the interesting development currently taking place in the little town of St. Maurice, five miles to the north. The original name of this town, settled about 1845, as given to it by the English and German Methodists, was Concord, and the few Catholic families in the vicinity regarded St. John as their parish church. In 1857, the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine from Vezilize, France, under the leadership of Brother John Mary Weidmann, purchased forty acres of ground here and began the establishment of a Catholic college, renaming the town St. Maurice in honor of St. Palais, . . . . . The college was closed probably in July, 1863 and the Brothers were recalled to France."

"By 1863 the town of Enochsburg was in a flourishing condition; a fine church, school, resident priest, teacher, two large stores and saloons combined; a blacksmith, shoemaker, tailor, two carpenters, a cabinet maker, plasterer, a saddlery, wagonmaker, a doctor, dress-maker, four farmers in the town and also a stone-mason."

There are today (February 12, 1961) only three living descendants of Abraham Lincoln, his great-grandchildren, all childless and all past middle age. The oldest, Lincoln Isham, 68, is a retired investment broker living in Dorset, Vt. The second, Miss Mary Lincoln Beckwith, 62, raises beef cattle at Hildene, the summer estate established by her father near Manchester, Vt. The youngest, Robert Lincoln Beckwith, 56, is a gentleman farmer of Tidewater, Va.

The first concrete pavement was laid in Bellefontaine, Ohio, in 1892. Concrete bridges were poured in Decatur County as early as 1906. Is there an earlier instance? Who can date the first concrete blocks?

Abraham Lincoln had four brothers-in-law who served in the Confederate army.

Wire entanglements were first used in field fortifications in the Civil War.

Dear Reader:

I wonder what you will be thinking when you read that I am urging you to borrow from our Public Library a new HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR? But wait! Insert the word PICTURE before the title just given. Note too, that it comes from the American Heritage Publishing Company - a fact which immediately bestows upon these two volumes an honorable patent of nobility. Then too, Bruce Catton's name appears on the title page, and the narrative is a fine example of his inimitable literary style that is the joy of all bookworms; an economy of well-chosen words, which impart life to actions described, and are discerning and sympathetic statements that reveal the thinking which erupted into those actions.

And, of course, you will study the pictures (all 836 of them) with great interest. In themselves, they tell the story of the War - in wash drawings, water colors, etchings, photographs, lithographs, and posters - the work of a "noble army of artists" whose sketches and drawings and photographs have been assembled and reproduced to enable you, dear Reader, to see the Civil War through the eyes of men who witnessed it."

Did someone say - thanks for the suggestion? Well, you're welcome, - remember, I am your

Cousin Book-Worm.

#### THE SOCIETY'S OFFICERS FOR 1961

President-----Paul H. Huber  
1st. Vice-President----Walter B. Lowe  
2nd Vice-President-Mrs. Dorothy Doles  
Corresponding Secy.-Mrs. Chas. Loucks  
Recording Secy.-Miss Helen K. Bussell  
Treasurer-----William Parker  
Editor "THE BULLETIN"---Paul H. Huber

#### WELCOME NEW MEMBERS!

Miss Marguerite Tillson  
Mr. A. B. Douglas  
Mrs. Walter Easley  
Mrs. Homer G. Meek  
Mrs. Luella Metz  
Mrs. Jeanette Nading  
Mrs. Alva Reed  
Mr. John Paul Taylor  
Mrs. C. B. Williams  
Mrs. Shirley A. Williams  
Mr. Stuart Wilder, Jr. - Columbus  
Mrs. Stuart Wilder, Jr. - Columbus  
Mr. Roy C. Small  
Mrs. C. D. Samuels  
Mr. Glen E. Gabhart - Glendale, Calif.  
Mrs. Jesma Bellmard-Ponca City, Okla.

Elton Gabhart is an accountant in the Golden State and graduated from Greensburg High School in 1919. Mrs. Bellmard is interested in the Allison, French, Tingle and Zeigler families of Decatur County.

#### WHAT IS YOUR DECATUR COUNTY I.Q.?

1. Who was the first County Recorder to use the typewriter in recording deeds and when?
2. Greensburg had macadam streets long before it had paved streets. When, where and what material was used for the first pavement?
3. The names - Kryl, Innes, Vitale, Bachman and Thaviu - have what in common as concerns Greensburg after 1911?
4. Which two of the following crops have been grown in Decatur County - cranberries, cotton, flax, hemp or rice?
5. Greensburg with its elevation of 971 is twenty-one feet higher than Pleak's Hill. The highest point in County has an elevation of 1097. Where is it?

HAVE YOU PAID YOUR 1961 DUES?????

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HAVE YOU PAID YOUR 1961 DUES?????

ME 08:54-1861, SI V16 MORE ON MORGAN'S RAID - ED.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 12, 1863.

General WALLACE,

North Vernon:

Dispatch received. General Hughes was about leaving Seymour for North Vernon this morning. Must be there about this time. Please direct him to keep his mounted men well out, and communicate with me constantly and as readily as possible. If Morgan has gone to Madison, even with his whole force, you will have troops enough without Hughes at Madison. Please order Hughes to keep his infantry ready to move on the cars at either Seymour or North Vernon and send out all the mounted force he has or can collect. Both harass Morgan and bring in information. Will you please communicate as frequently as possible with me concerning the whereabouts of Morgan from time to time. Shall hold troops here ready to take the cars for Lawrenceburg, and boats are now waiting there to transport the troops along the river above Madison. Boyle will look out for him should he attempt to cross below Madison. Let us bag the scoundrels without fail.

O. B. WILLCOX

Brigadier-General.

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INDIANAPOLIS, July 12, 1863.

General WALLACE,

Vernon:

Send word to Hughes to send all his mounted men in pursuit, and all mounted men that you can raise.

O. B. WILLCOX,

Brigadier-General.

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VERNON, July 12, 1863-12:10 P.M.

General WILLCOX,

Indianapolis:

Have ordered Hughes to send me all mounted force. Have raised fifty horses here myself, and will mount and start them forthwith.

LEW. WALLACE

Major-General.

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VERNON, July 12, 1863-2:00 P.M.

Brigadier-General WILLCOX,

Indianapolis:

I have received the following dispatch from General Hughes: "Morgan has been at Osgood and carried off the operator." Osgood is on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, in Ripley County, six miles north of Versailles.

LEW. WALLACE

Major-General

VERNON, July 12, 1863--2:30 PM

Brigadier-General WILLCOX,  
Indianapolis:

The following dispatch has just been received:

"Rebels have burnt Laughery Creek bridge, two miles and a half east of

Osgood. We are cut now from communication east. They captured guard  
left there. S.P. Peabody."

If there is no objection, I will join General Hughes and go to Osgood tonight. I  
suggest dispatching a force down the Lawrenceburg Railroad.

LEW. WALLACE  
Major-General.

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INDIANAPOLIS, July 12, 1863.

General WALLACE,  
North Vernon:

Please leave General Hughes on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad with his original  
orders to co-operate with Hobson and operate on the line of the railroad. Leave  
with him the mounted troops and move up to Columbus with your command and Love's.  
His infantry will give him sufficient strength, as Morgan's main body has passed be-  
yond Osgood, either this way or toward Lawrenceburg. Madison is safe. General  
Manson is on the river near there with artillery and infantry. Tell Hughes if he  
can get his mounted troops on the rebels' rear to do so, and keep following them up  
and telegraph importance.

O. B. WILLCOX

Brigadier-General.

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VERNON, July 12, 1863-4:00 o'clock.

Brigadier-General WILLCOX,  
Indianapolis:

My last dispatches show Morgan in Ripley County. He left Madison on his right.  
Hobson is by this time between him and Madison. I therefore venture to suggest it  
is no longer necessary for me to march to Madison. I am trying to get transporta-  
tion to go to Osgood, at which point Hughes and I can assist Burnside and Hobson.  
I submit the plan to you. Please answer immediately.

LEW. WALLACE

Major-General.

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VERNON, July 12, 1863.

General WILLCOX,  
Indianapolis:

I would suggest the sending of four or five companies to guard the bridges at Vernon  
and these towns. The citizens are very uneasy, and the country is full of stragg-  
gling rebels.

LEW. WALLACE

Major-General.

SOALIAN WILL  
IsteneG-totAN

VERNON, July 12, 1863-4:15 p.m.

General WILLCOX,  
Indianapolis:

The following has just been sent me from Dupont: "Colonel Hobson with all his force is after Morgan, and almost on his rear." Major-General O. B. WILLCOX, July 12, 1863.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 12, 1863.

General WALLACE,  
North Vernon:

Rebels reported to have passed through Versailles at 1:30 P.M., burning bridges on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, and sending detachments toward the Indianapolis and Cincinnati Railroad. They have artillery with them.

Major-General O. B. WILLCOX, July 12, 1863.

Brigadier-General WILLCOX,  
Indianapolis:

VERNON, July 12, 1863.

It is important that there be sent me immediately three days' rations hard bread for 3,200 men. Please order them to follow me from this point.

Major-General LEW. WALLACE, July 12, 1863.

General WALLACE:  
North Vernon:

INDIANAPOLIS, July 12, 1863-9:15 p.m.

Ten thousand rations have been forwarded to you from Columbus. Rations for Hughes have gone to Seymour. The rebels are attacking at Sunman, on the Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railroad. Gavin is there with his regiment fighting them.

Major-General O. B. WILLCOX, July 12, 1863.

General WALLACE:

INDIANAPOLIS, July 12, 1863-9:15 P.M.

All accounts agree that Morgan is moving east or northeast from Versailles. It is not necessary for you to come up in this direction. Had you not better march over to Madison with your command, leaving General Hughes at Vernon? If you find boats at Madison, send spare troops and artillery to points between Madison and Lawrenceburg.

Major-General O. B. WILLCOX  
Brigadier-General.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 12, 1863-10:15 p.m.

General WALLACE,  
North Vernon:

A rebel detachment was skirmishing this evening with some of our troops, trying to push through to Lawrenceburg. The rebels may at least succeed in cutting their main forces. Was at Hillsborough this afternoon, marching on Aurora. Rush through to Madison and get troops and artillery on board of steamers to oppose the rebels at Aurora or Lawrenceburg. This is a great chance for you.

O. B. WILLCOX,  
Brigadier-General.

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INDIANAPOLIS, July 12, 1863.

General WALLACE,  
North Vernon:

Morgan has force moving toward Greensburg from Versailles. You will please return immediately as far as Columbus and await orders. The Governor desires it as well as myself.

O. B. WILLCOX,  
Brigadier-General.

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INDIANAPOLIS, July 12, 1863.

General WALLACE,  
Vernon:

Operator at Osgood telegraphs: "No rebels at Versailles; a few on plank road between Madison and Versailles."

O. B. WILLCOX,  
Brigadier-General.

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VERNON, July 12, 1863.

Brigadier-General WILLCOX,

Indianapolis:

The Ohio and Mississippi Railroad is but little damaged, if at all, from this point east. Westwardly its damage is all repaired. A repair train from Cincinnati could fix up the road entire in two or three hours.

LEW. WALLACE

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LEW. WALLACE to General WILLCOX,  
Indianapolis:

LEW. WALLACE  
Brigadier-General

JAMES EWARD HAMILTON

1795-1881

JANE MCCOY HAMILTON

1796-1851

CYRUS HAMILTON

1800-1879

MARY MCCOY HAMILTON

1798-1881

Brothers whose wives were sisters

EMIGRATED FROM NICHOLAS COUNTY KENTUCKY

AND AFTER A JOURNEY OF ELEVEN DAYS

ARRIVED AT THIS PLACE MARCH 11, 1822

HERE THEY BUILT THE FIRST CABIN

ON THE TRAIL LEADING FROM THE COUNTY SEAT.

HOW WELL THESE PIONEERS WITH OTHERS, WROUGHT,

IS WRITTEN IN THE HISTORY OF THE COMMUNITY.

A WILDERNESS BECAME AN ENLIGHTENED CENTER.

The descendants of these families

erect this monument to their memory

one hundred years later.

1822-1922

The monument is located two-thirds of a mile North of AUBURN HILL, as we know it today, on the Kingston Pike or Concrete Road.

Robert A. Hamilton, son of James Eward, was closely identified with AUBURN HILL. The area in times past has been referred to as the Settlement. - ed.

#### SOME REMINISCENCES OF MY CHILDHOOD DAYS

Out of the mists of the memory of my early childhood arises a square log house where I first saw the light, March 12, 1826. My parents were Kentuckians. Father, James E. Hamilton, born in Nicholas County in 1795. Mother, Jane McCoy, in Bourbon, an adjoining county, the following year. They married in 1818. In March, 1822 Father, Mother and their two little children, Philander and Robert A., also Cyrus Hamilton, a brother of my Father's, and Polly McCoy, a sister of my Mother's, who had just been married, emigrated with them to Decatur Co. Indiana, near what is now Kingston. They went in hired wagons. Much of the way was a wilderness, and they followed a blazed trail, which served as a guide through the unbroken forest, and on the 11th day of March unloaded their household goods by the side of a large poplar log (Tulip tree), the wagons and drivers returning to Kentucky. A temporary shelter was made out of bark, until logs were cut and a cabin erected. Here, away from the blighting influence of slavery, they began their life work to found a home for themselves and their children, and how they worked! Later, a second cabin was built, the one in which I was born. In 1830 the brick house was built, which stands, in good preservation, on the old homestead, still in the family, where I passed my childhood and girlhood, until my marriage to Jacob Clendenin Adams, June 7, 1849. Those early days of my life were indeed in the long ago, and primitive times they were, of life in the far west, as Indiana was then considered. Father being a man of great energy, and strong will and frame, kept everything moving about him. Mother, was energetic and ambitious too, but worked beyond her strength. Almost all the cloth needed for clothing for the family and the home furnishings was manufactured at home. Flax was raised and spun and woven into

cloth. The process of getting the flax into thread, as I remember it, was this: The flax was pulled up by hand out of the ground, and left spread out to dry a while, then was gathered up and laid a big bundle at a time on a hand machine and pounded to break the coarse fibre which encrusted it. Then came the scutching process. A large handful was held by one hand on an upright board or post, and with the other hand on a long knife shaped wooden instrument the flax was scutched or beaten downwards, thus getting out the broken crusty pieces, and the flax was now ready for the hackle. This was a board about six by twelve inches, in which sharp iron spikes were placed in upright position. The flax was drawn through this machine by handfuls again and again, taking out all the coarse flax or tow, as it was called, leaving the long fine glossy fibres which was spun into very fine thread, and woven into table linen, sheets, pillow slips, sewing thread, etc. The tow was also spun into thread and woven into cloth for men's trousers, flour sacks, wagon covers, towels, etc. The flax was wound around a distaff, and always spun on a little wheel. I have often seen my mother sit and spin flax. I loved to watch her draw out the thread turning the wheel rapidly all the time with her foot which was on the treadle. It was easy, comfortable looking work. In summer we wore home made cotton dresses. The cotton thread was bought and part of it colored indigo blue, and part with copperas making an orange yellow, and a little white was put in to brighten it. This was woven into striped, or checked cloth, good and strong, and looked very well too. Two dresses are expected to last, and did last two years--well suited to healthy, romping, climbing children. I remember of being perched in an apple tree one day, and attempting to jump from one of the lower limbs to the ground, a distance of eight or ten feet, but alas, the hem of my cotton dress caught on a projection and there I hung suspended head downward. As I was alone and some distance from the house I despaired of anyone finding me and thought I would die, but my good mother heard my cries and to my great joy came to my relief.

Flannel was made for winter wear. The wool was sheared off the sheep, washed, dried and all the burrs and trash carefully picked out, then sent to a carding machine, (I can just remember of hand cards being used for a small amount of wool) to be made into rolls, when it was brought home, spun into thread and dyed with indigo and madder, which made a pretty red color (No diamond dyes in those days). This was also woven into stripes or checks, and made very pretty comfortable dresses. For the men and boys jeans was made, also what was called fulled cloth. I think the latter was used for overcoats. Woolen stockings were universally worn, and of course knit at home. Sugar, soap, starch, candles, etc., were also made. I can remember of my Mother making buttons out of thread. Perhaps haw thorns were used for pins, but I do not remember. There was little to buy anything with, and for such things as were absolutely necessary, some kind of cloth was usually made, and exchanged for them.

The canning process was then unknown and there was much drying of fruit. There was a great abundance of peaches. The long row of trees extending along one side of the large apple orchard were always full year after year of luscious fruit. A great deal of it went to waste, or rather was fed to the hogs, but a great many bushels were dried on a kiln made for the purpose. Apples were dried in the sun as the kiln did not answer so well for them. I think much more apples and peaches were dried than were used at home, and were exchanged for necessities. In the very early days Father tanned the leather and made our shoes at night when he could not work on the farm. These were only worn in the winter time or to church, and I do not suppose had much style to them. There was very little work hired--friends and neighbors exchanged work, helped each other. There were many house and barn raisings, log rollings, (great black walnut logs were burnt or split into rails), corn

huskings, flax pullings, wool pickings, apple parings, quiltings etc. Corn planting was always a busy time and all the help possible was taken from the house. I was considered a good dropper--could drop the corn in the intersections of straight rows running both ways, so the corn could be plowed both length and crosswise. It was very tiresome walking on the plowed ground and the dinner horn was a welcome sound, so was the setting sun longingly watched for, as that was the signal for quitting work. The first four working days of the week mother would weave, spin, dye, etc., day in and day out and then on Friday and Saturday came washing and ironing, mending, baking and scouring till everything shone and was in readiness for the Sabbath. By this time she was often laid up with a terrible sick headache, but I do not know that it ever occurred to her that it was caused by over-work. Her busy life was ended when she was fifty-four. My dear, sainted Mother! She was one of the excellent of the earth. Always sympathetic, affectionate, in confidence and touch with her children in all their joys and sorrows. No wonder she was beloved. Father was different in many ways. A man of few words, undemonstrative, but quick tempered and absolute in his government, which was more common in those days. There were no "whys" or "what fors", instant obedience was expected and given, so he had little occasion to punish. Doubtless he loved his children but he did not show it, as a consequence there was a good deal of fear mixed with the love his children had for him. While not demonstrative, his love for his children was evidenced by his gifts of land on the marriage of each of his children, and later by more land to each one, and still later of money in considerable amounts. In this way he showed more affection and trust than most fathers, and I will insert here a tribute lately received from my brother Robert who is still living at the ripe old age of eighty-six years. "Father was a public spirited man in all public enterprises and improvements--did more work and gave more money than any man to build the railroad (Big Four) to Indianapolis which has grown to a great system. Though as I look back now he took a fearful risk in endorsing the bonds to get money to build the road. If the road had failed, as some of them did, it would have bankrupted him, and as I look back at him leaving the hills of Kentucky a poor man with a small family, stopping in the woods (of Indiana) until a rude cabin was built to shelter the little family, and his long steady life work in building up a great country, I see him in front of a race of giants. He grows bigger and broader as the years go on and the world progresses. He did his full part in the day he lived." I may add that he left benefactions to church and community in which he lived, that will ever keep his memory green. He lived to be nearly eighty-six, and his character and disposition ripened, and sweetened as the days and years went by so that he was beloved by all, and his children and children's children could rise up and call him blessed.

But to go back to my childhood days. Accidents happened of course. I will relate one which seemed very serious for a time as I came near losing an eye. When I was about five years old I fell from a high rail fence on to a clump of spice bushes, and one of the branches ran up one of my nostrils. I pulled out the projecting stick before help reached me. The blood streamed from nose and mouth, and there was a very sick little girl carried home that day and for several weeks afterwards. The opposite eye from the sore nostril was greatly affected, swollen almost to bursting with the lids always closed and every effort to open them seemed unavailing. The doctor probed in my nose but could find nothing, yet he felt convinced that a piece of the stick had been left in somewhere which caused so much inflammation and found he was correct by fitting the pieces of the stick together, but as no one knew what could be done about it, some weeks passed with but little change when a remarkable circumstance happened. A good faithful animal, the mother of a young colt, had been sick for hours with what they called

colic, and at bed time father left her in the door yard, thinking nothing more could be done for her, but the suffering creature seemingly in hope of relief went round and round the house, until finally she fell against one of the side doors which burst from its hinges, landed on top of a bed that providentially was not occupied, and poor Dolly fell dead on the floor inside the room. I was lying in my mother's arms and with the shock my eye opened which had been so long closed. My mother's heart overflowed with thanksgiving and tears of joy fell on my face and from that time on my eye improved steadily. I was aware that there were grave fears that I would be disfigured for life and for some time there was a great difference in my eyes, but I outgrew this to a great extent. But the strangest part of this incident remains to be told. About twenty-three years after the accident occurred, and had been almost forgotten, I was sitting one evening reading aloud to my family, which was rendered difficult by my nose being much stopped up with cold, and I resolved to make an effort to clear it with a good blow, when lo, the identical piece of spice stick, loosened from its moorings of so many years, put in its appearance. I felt it come into my nostril and pressed it out. It was in a good state of preservation, about one and one-half inches long and only one-half of the stick, the crease for the pitch showing plainly on that side and there was considerable bark still on the other side. It was thought it had lodged in the cavity in front of the brain, and I was not aware of the occupant. Doubtless it was better so.

There were no ranges or cooking stoves. All the cooking was done in the great fire place, across which was an iron bar or crane, from which hung a number of pot hooks. From these were suspended kettles, pots and boilers for the cooking process. A very few had brick ovens built for baking, but we had none. We used pot metal skillets and ovens with lids for baking bread and all such things. They were placed on the hearth before the fire with coals put underneath and on the lids, and sweeter bread was never made, although it was hot, trying work in front of a big fire of logs. The bread for our every day use was usually made of corn meal, often what we called "Johnny Cake", which was baked on a long narrow board about six inches wide and baked in front of the fire. It was delicious, so was the light corn pone. This was put into quite a large oven and baked all night in a corner of the fire place. How good it was for breakfast with plenty of good butter and rich sweet milk. Wheat was somewhat scarce. I can remember when it was cut with a sickle and the grain tramped out by horses on the barn floor. Flouring mills were not very accessible. In the early days Father would pile on his large horse, Old Charley, quite a number of sacks of wheat and go to White-water to mill to have it ground into flour. This was twenty miles away and the trip could not be made very often and the flour had to last a long time. Some grist mills for grinding corn were scattered through the country. As soon as the growing corn was dry enough, we children grated corn every afternoon from which delicious mush was made for supper. Mush and milk was the supper for the family all the year round, and what was left over was warmed up in milk for breakfast for us children. Boiled dinners were universal. The meat was boiled in a pot over the fire and some sort of vegetable cooked with it. As a rule there were no second courses, corn bread and milk completing the meal. When we went from home it was on horseback, often two on a horse, and in case of children one behind and one before was very common. Visitors were always expected to stay for a meal, and to stay all night was a common way of visiting.

As there were no matches it was never expected to let the fire go out, or coals would have to be brought from the neighbors. Some fire was always covered in the ashes when not needed for heat. But I have said nothing about any pleasures that we had. It was not all work and no play. Child life in the country in many

ways is beautiful. One restful memory picture that comes back to me often times is of myself and my younger sister, Mary, roaming over the blue grass pastures in the warm bright spring days. It was a lovely place thickly studded over with sugar maples. Wild flowers in great variety were in abundance, as were the feathered songsters. We gathered flowers to our hearts' content, hunted the birds' nests, also the nests of the geese or lingered around the fascinating young goslings. Then there was the winding branch, or brook, where we wandered up and down, removing all obstructions so the clear water could ripple over the pebbly bottom, and we could watch the little minnows dart in and out or glide peacefully along with the current. Oh, the city child does not know of such happiness! Communion with nature is always helpful, always uplifting. David as the shepherd boy communed with nature, so when he became the "Sweet Singer of Israel", what beautiful imagery he had. "Like the tree planted by the rivers of water", "As the hart pantest after the water brooks". "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters". "The Heavens declare the glory of God, -etc". Also the 104 Psalm complete, and many, many other portions.

But I digress, I have not spoken of the educational facilities of my childhood years. Church and Sunday School were started almost with the settlement. The first church building was a large round log structure. Sunday School was at 9 A.M. after which came morning service--a sermon of goodly length. Then an intermission of about an hour when we ate our lunch, then assembled again for another service. So it was along in the afternoon before we reached home, when the catechism was studied and recited to Father in the evening. We took all this as a matter of course and I do not remember that we considered the day at all tiresome. There were day schools for a few months in the winter as soon as there were children to go to them. I was started when I was about four years old. My first school was across the country about a mile through the wood, in a small brick room which was built in the pastor's yard for his study, and which he gave up for a time for school purposes. The log parsonage of several rooms stood near by. The Teacher, Miss Susan Howe, was a Yankee school marm whom the pastor had brought from the East. Home missionary work, no doubt. She was a sweet lovable woman. Children were not dressed so warmly in those days as now--no warm underwear, not even drawers of any kind. So baby that I was I often reached the school room almost frozen, when this kind good woman would take me on her lap to warm me up, put my stiffened fingers in her warm bosom to thaw them out. I remember of crying with the cold as I trudged home through the freshly fallen snow which flew up on my bare limbs and stiffened my skirts. My oldest brother, Philander, was along. He was about eleven years old and I thought him quite a big boy. He saw my distress and persuaded me that I could run faster than he could and we would soon be home, so he made a pretense of running very fast, but let me get ahead, thus beguiling me into forgetfulness of my troubles. Not long after this a brick school house was built near our home and I had no more tribulations in getting to and from school. I have always thought that our teachers were superior to those of country neighborhoods generally. Not only were "The Three R's" taught, but grammer and geography as well, and very thoroughly too, especially was good spelling insisted upon. Spelling matches formed part of the routine in school. I was always chosen first as I seldom missed a word. Arithmetic was not considered so important for girls. I remember of doing an example in long division which covered one side of my slate. I was so proud of it that I carried it home to show my Father. He looked at it but refused to believe that I had done it without assistance. I never progressed very far, for my school life ended when I was very young. It was very seldom indeed that anyone was from home in order to have better advantages in school. My oldest Brother, of whom I have spoken, while yet a boy, had an accident to his knee that made him

a cripple for life, and on that account he was sent to Hanover College where he was graduated in 1839. This brother so full of promise passed away in early manhood aged twenty-eight years. I do not suppose there was ever a thought of my other brother, Robert, going away, for he was to be a farmer, of course, which was all right in his case for he made a very successful one. When I was eleven years old I was taken out of school, and put to the spinning wheel. It nearly broke my heart. I shall never forget the wretchedness of that first day. How weary, foot-sore and hopeless I felt as I walked back and forth by that big wheel, trying to draw out the rolls of wool into something like even thread. With practice the art became easier, but I never was an expert. I never could accomplish as much as my older sister, Margaret, so after a while when I was older I was set to weaving, on a loom. This I liked better than spinning and I wove a great many yards of cloth of different kinds in the years that intervened until woolen mills were started through the country, which took this kind of work out of the homes. I had no regret in no longer hearing the hum of the spinning wheel or not seeing the shuttle fly back and forth in the hand loom. I have spoken of my sister, Margaret, and the very name brings up this bright capable sister. Beautiful, too, she was, and so as young girls together, I so timid and bashful, I almost lived and moved and had my being in her, and was almost inconsolable when she married and went to a home of her own. During these years my school days seemed to be ended, but when I was eighteen a new pastor came to us, whose wife was an educated eastern woman, and who probably seeing a special need, opened a private school in her own house, to which I was only too glad to go. There was a rapid review of the studies we had previously gone over, and some new ones added. United States History, advance in Arithmetic, Comstock's Philosophy, with Astronomy in the back part, was taught. I was very much interested in these studies for they seemed to open up a new world of thought. But it was all too short, only lasted one winter, and was my "finishing school". How insignificant were my opportunities compared with those of the girls of the present time. I often wonder what the girls and women of the twentieth century will do with their great opportunities. I trust make better wives, better mothers, beautiful in Christian Character, and in all that goes to make truly womanly women. I had another sister, Fidelia, whom I have not mentioned. She was nearly twelve years younger and so came little into my childhood and girlhood, and after we left the home did not live near each other. The changes that have come since those early days are almost like the passage to another planet. Changes in the whole comfort, convenience and healthfulness of living and working, and in the relief of the sick and suffering.

Just before the discovery of Chloroform my poor Mother underwent a very painful surgical operation. The eminent surgeon for the time, Dr. Mussey of Cincinnati, Ohio, said she was very brave, greatly above the average, but even yet it makes me shudder to think of it, and regret that this wonderful discovery did not come sooner. So it was with many, many other things. The telephone, telegraph, phonograph, and so many other wonderful inventions, too many to even mention in this paper. They would have seemed incredible within my memory, and I often wonder if there can be as many changes and inventions in the next century as in the last one. Flying from one place to another seems almost here, but it is useless to surmise what will take place in the future. Even the end of the world may be near at hand, for we "know not the day nor the hour". One by one the little flock that was sheltered and nurtured in the old house of my childhood has passed over the river. My brother Robert and myself alone remain awaiting the sound of the "Boatman's oar", and of the voice "Fear not I will pilot thee".

The years that I have traveled lie stretching in long array behind me, and I have reached the time that one lives much in memory, hence these reminiscences.

They may be of some interest to my children and children's children when I am living in this world only in memory.

Nancy Hamilton Adams.

Topeka, Kansas  
February 10, 1908

THE BULLETIN

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY

Vol. 1 - No. 10

Greensburg, Indiana

June 1, 1961

PARKER'S POND

Our hosts again are the William Parkers. Their home is located approximately eight miles Southwest of Greensburg in Clay township.

ROUTE FROM GREENSBURG

Follow SR 3 and 46 to the junction West of Greensburg. Here turn left or South on SR 3. Following SR 3 turn right or West at the second cross road. (Look for the sign here). Go West on the stone road approximately one quarter-mile. **LOOK FOR THE FLAG POLE ON THE RIGHT.**

Should you find yourself in Letts - you have gone too far. Inquire locally to get out of your dilemma.

ROUTE FROM WESTPORT

Take SR 3 North toward Greensburg. After the yellow flasher at Letts turn left or West at the second cross road. (Look for the sign here). PARKER'S POND is a scant half-mile West of SR 3. **LOOK FOR THE FLAG POLE ON THE RIGHT.**

TRANSPORTATION

No problem at all. If you don't have a way call the president or one of the secretaries.

PICNIC AFTERWARD

MR. AND MRS. PARKER HEREBY EXTEND AN INVITATION TO ANY OF THE MEMBERS OR GUESTS TO BRING THEIR PICNIC BASKETS IF THEY WISH TO DO SO. TABLES WILL BE PROVIDED.

THE LAST MEETING - This, the first meeting of the year, was well attended. a thirty minute news-reel depicting the life and times of Greensburg around 1937, was shown by our good member, Sgt. Dennis Martin of the Greensburg Police Dept. How was the picture dated? By the automobiles of course! They say that one picture is worth ten thousand words. Here were hundreds of pictures and thousands of words. The second feature of the evening was one devoted to the subject of lynchings in Indiana. The speaker, Mr. Robert Montgomery of the Sandcreek H.S. staff and another valued member, did a very thorough job with a difficult topic, having documentary evidence for all of his statements. No one looks with favor on these sad commentaries but yet they are history and as such have been recorded.

OCCASION: Regular summer meeting

SPEAKER: Mrs. James E. Howard

DATE: Sunday, June 18th.

2:30 P.M., FAST TIME.

PLACE: Parker's Pond

Mrs. Loretta Howard, the widow of James E. Howard, and the curator of the HOWARD NATIONAL STEAMBOAT MUSEUM at Jeffersonville will speak on the subject - **THE DAYS OF THE OHIO RIVER STEAM PACKET**. Mrs. Howard born at Madison, spent the first two years of her married life at Columbus - she is very much a Hoosier. The Howard family has been identified with the boat building industry for one hundred years. The business sold in 1941 to the Jeffersonville Boat and Machine Co. is still a thriving concern. Mrs. Howard aside from knowing the steamboat business from stem to stern and all of the river lore that goes with it, is a collector of antiques. She is quite proud of her achievement in making her former twenty-two room red brick home into the attraction that it is today. Thousands visit it annually. Mrs. Howard has much in store for we land-lubbers of Decatur County. Don't miss it!

**BRING AS MANY GUESTS AS YOU LIKE  
EVERYBODY IS WELCOME.**

## THE FALL MEETING

The President remembering last year's fall field trip and how successful that it was, is looking forward with a great deal of anticipation to the one to be held in late September. The trip as planned will take us to the Eggleston country and the scene of the HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER. He is already in correspondence with people having an interest or connection with this phase of our early history - the period of about 1850. He would welcome any suggestion, information, pictures, documentary material - anything at all that will contribute to the story. Given a nice fall day, this can also be an enjoyable one. He hopes that the social hour with its coffee and donuts - so popular before - can again be the closing event of the day. Keep this date open!

## WHITE WATER VALLEY RAILROAD

Superintendent's Office

Connersville May 14th, 1867

L. Wingart Esq.

Engineer No. 7

Dear Sir

Complaint is made that you run at a very high rate of speed when passing Stations.

You should run slow past all stations & road crossings and avoid killing of stock or frightening teams

Look to these matters if you wish success as an Engineer

Yours Truly

S M Avery

supt

ed- The next time this occurs he will probably be called up on the "green carpet."

Dear Reader:

LINCOLN'S JOURNEY TO GREATNESS (by Victor Searcher) is, the sub-title tells us, "a factual account of the twelve-day inaugural trip" beginning, of course, at Springfield, Illinois - and surely all Greensburgers know that that train paused for a few minutes in our town. The route of the trip was unnecessarily round-about, mile-wise, but was very effective as a curtain-raiser for the man who, in a pre-T-V day and a pre-full-scale-national-campaigning day, was the little known man who was to become, in a few days, President of these United States, - from which slaveholding States were seceding. The fact that crowds waited at each station, speaks for the desire of the people to see this man, to hear him speak, and so, to form their opinion of what they could expect from their new President in the days ahead. They saw a thoughtful man of kindly humor, great simplicity, sincerity, and honesty - a leader whom they instinctively felt was one whom they could trust - not a politician, but rather a statesman - who did bring renewed hope to all mankind in the integrity of a people's government.

Another book recommended to you by your

Cousin Book-Worm.

Mrs. J. D. Williams of Royal Oak, Michigan is our three-hundredth member.

## RECENT ACQUISITIONS

A GENEALOGICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL RECORD OF DECATUR COUNTY, INDIANA - 1900, Charles F. Dravis - donor.

SOUVENIR PROGRAM K of P LODGE No. 148-1900. Marlin Maddux - donor.

RESOURCES & INDUSTRIES OF INDIANA DECATUR, BARTHOLOMEW, JACKSON & LAWRENCE COUNTIES - 1885. Marlin Maddux - donor.

I REMEMBER - by the author, Louis E. Porter.

## WELCOME! NEW MEMBERS

Mr. W. F. McCardle  
Mr. Hal T. Kitchin - Evansville  
Mrs. Hal T. Kitchin - Evansville  
Mr. C. E. Ziegler - don blouz zt zasozin  
Mr. Orris Elder - a seuz of edil fliw  
Mrs. Orris Elder qch .330 bns zot111  
Mr. Charles A. Walls  
Mrs. Charles A. Walls  
Mrs. Lela Owens Gray  
Mrs. Jonathan Porter  
Mr. Paul Perry  
Mr. Carl F. Harding - Hamilton, Ohio  
Mrs. J. D. Williams - Royal Oak, Michigan  
Mr. Wm. E. Loucks  
Mr. Terrence Noe  
Mr. Arthur J. Fushman - Grosse Point, Michigan  
Mr. Louis E. Porter - Cincinnati, Ohio  
Mr. Leon Pohlman  
Mrs. Frank L. Clark

Mr. and Mrs. Kitchin, known to most of us, are former Greensburgers who do maintain their home ties. Carl Harding a conductor on the Big Four, sees his native New Point, two or three times a week-from the train that is. Mrs. J. D. Williams the former Maude McMillen is not one to forget her beloved Greensburg. Arthur Fushman, a Decatur County boy, currently is the president of one of Detroit's larger banks - yes, only the president. Louie Porter is the assistant manager of the Metropole Hotel in downtown Cincinnati and revels in the history of Greensburg as he knew it circa 1900-1918.

## THE SOCIETY'S OFFICERS FOR 1961

President-----Paul H. Huber  
1st. Vice-President----Walter B. Lowe  
2nd Vice-President-Mrs. Dorothy Doles  
Corresponding Secy.-Mrs. Chas. Loucks  
Recording Secy.-Miss Helen K. Bussell  
Treasurer-----William Parker  
Editor "THE BULLETIN"---Paul H. Huber

## ADAMS 75 YEARS AGO

The village of Adams located on the C.I.C., St. L & C.R.R. was laid out in 1855 at about the time of the coming of the railroad. The population of the town 30 years later was about 400. It contained five stores, three blacksmith shops, one flouring and grist mill, one saw mill, one boot and shoe maker, one wagon maker, one carriage maker, one livery stable, one hotel, a post office and the American Express Company. There were three churches - the Methodist, Baptist and Christian churches. The average attendance of the school was 115 pupils. LOGAN & ROBERTS sold drugs, groceries, hardware, etc. They were the agents for the railroad and for the express company. W. H. HAZELRIGG also sold drugs, groceries, etc. J. W. TICE was the grain commission merchant. W.M. CONNER was a blacksmith and carriage maker. MULL BROS., A.M. ELKINS and T.J. SHIELDS operated general stores. W. APPLEGATE had the livery stable, T. HEATON operated the flour mill and W.W. RILEY was the J.P. (What no doctor?-ed.)

## COMING EVENTS

SECOND ANNUAL HOOSIER FESTIVAL  
CLIFTY FALLS STATE PARK  
AUGUST 13-17  
ROBERT MONTGOMERY, DIRECTOR

MECHANICSBURG SCHOOL REUNION  
NEW POINT SCHOOL  
SEPTEMBER 17

FALL FIELD TRIP - DECATUR CO.  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
LATE SEPTEMBER

## HAVE YOU PAID YOUR 1961 DUES????

Standard Time became a reality at Noon, Sunday, November 18, 1883. Prior to that, when it was 12:00 noon in New York, it was 11:55 A.M. in Philadelphia, 11:50 in Baltimore and 11:45 in Washington, D.C.

Reminiscences prepared by Mrs. E. C. Stimson for the  
Historical Society - July '33(?)

At the request of the officers of the Decatur County Historical Society, I am describing some pictures which have been hanging on memories' walls for a long time. I shall not pretend to be entirely accurate always as to dates. In my present state of age, blindness, and weakness, it would not be possible--but perhaps even in this rushing era some one will like to pause a little while and listen how things seemed in the forties, fifties and etc. Hoping to please those who care to listen, I shall begin with the evolution of the Michigan road. This road may be said to start out of Greensburg at the old court house and jail which stood in the southeast corner of the Court House Park. The long white two story brick Moss house was on the left and just where the road turned south was the low brick black-smith's shop.. No more buildings on the left, but where the rail-road now crosses was the ancient graveyard. On the right was the house of the carding machine where wool was made into rolls. I think a log house-then country began. The clay hill on the right was cut down to grade the road as it went into little Sandcreek. There were beech trees growing on either side of the road, and up up up the teams pulled to the top of the hill. More beech trees, only two dwellings on the left--none on the right but trees trees trees. Clay banks on either side and down another longer hill the team plunged across the waters of Sandcreek, which often reached to the wagon wheel hubs.

Up the high steep hill, then there were several small hills with little ravines or brooks to be crossed between. At the end of a mile and a half--a level mile was reached--then more steep hills--three pairs of them--and the sparkling waters of "Cobbs Fork" between the last pair--more little hills--and at the end of four miles--"Slab Town," not a loose stone to be seen--clay soil every where and beech forests on either side interspersed with a few homes. It was such an event to come to Greensburg--sitting on a little rocking chair in the big wagon bed to watch the prancing black team plunge through the water--down and up the hills--till the big stream was reached. The team could hardly wait till Father walked out on the wagon tongue--lowered the rein and let them drink to their fill of the clear cold water. But oh! that clay soil. The summer dust was deep and flew in clouds behind every passing wagon--but the worst trouble came with winter rains and freezes. There were at least six mud holes between my home and town--through which it was impossible to draw wagons some times for days. Horse back riding for both men and women was practiced and horses stepped carefully on the road side often emitting a loud sucking sound as they drew their feet from the mud. Then freezing stiffened the ruts--and footprints into hard bumps and travel was rough. Some times in the late forties or early fifties some progressive spirits conceived the idea of using surplus trees to improve the situation--and what had been "corduroy" or whole logs to fill the low swampy places was supplanted by a continuous plank road to lead from Madison to Greensburg. How long this was in building I do not know but it furnished work for hundreds of Irish people, and was stopped unfinished on the hill where what was called "Foley's Lane" came in from the south. In the summer of 1852 on the top of the hill on the right stood a group of perhaps eight or ten one room shanties in which the worker wife and children lived. They were a jolly bunch. When work was done but when whiskey was indulged in freely there was hilarity and often bloody quarrels. The unfinished plank road did not give satisfaction. The trees were gone and repairs could not be kept up. Some one thought of stone and gravel and then we got the Greensburg and Laytons Mill pike. Scores of workmen with plows and patient oxen graded down the steeper hills hauled the broken stones, spread the surface with gravel. Timber bridges and culverts crossed the streams and brooks, but this did not take place until the late sixties. First there was the Indian trail from Madison which town in those days rivaled Cincinnati in importance. Trees on either side of the trail were marked by the ox or blazed, as it was called--the road way cleared sixty feet wide hemmed in by rail fences--called worm fences.

Some times a post and rail fence in front of a home--then the attempted plank road followed by stone and gravel and then the concrete highway now called "29." First a trail then a road--then a pike--now a highway. How strange it would seem now to have no railroads with their frequent trains for passengers or freight but people drove with private teams from place to place. The journey from Indianapolis to Cincinnati by old stage coach occupied two days. After spending the night in the old tavern opposite the jail, the four horse vehicle rolled out, the second day on "29" as far as Napoleon, where it turned to the left and proceeded to Cincinnati.

After farm work was done in the fall farmers often took their families back to Ohio or Kentucky to visit those left in the old home. Thus, antedating the passenger trains with wagons or horseback riding. There was stock to be sold and grain to be hauled to market. The latter was driven to Madison or Cincinnati. It was a common sight to look out and see a large herd of cattle driven by men walking. In the rear were wagons drawn by teams. When any of the fat porkers were too tired to continue the hundred mile journey, they were lifted into the wagons and hauled to the end. Flocks of turkeys also sometimes were driven to market, and found their own sleeping places in trees by the way side. For the accomodations of all these travelers, there were taverns--the first on "29" was on the hill top on the left--beyond little Sandcreek. The tall posts on the road side had a square frame on top in which was swinging sign with the name of the tavern keeper--"R Smith." About a mile beyond on the same side of the road was the "Ross Tavern" a little larger in size, but both alike in shape, one part a story and a half in height with a smaller one story addition on the end. The latter in the Ross tavern (or hotel) was used for a kitchen and dining room--the large lower room of the other part was filled with beds. A huge fireplace up-stairs--the half story also had beds. Travelers in those days had their jokes and fun for the low ceiling of this room had been covered with decorations made with smoking candles on the white walls. Some names, initials or pictures. Beyond this was a log tavern--and still further a brick building called the Cobb Tavern. Almost every mile furnished sleeping accomodations for the weary travelers--and the land ladies of these taverns established reputations for fine biscuits, fried ham, sausage, and plenty of strong coffee. The bedsteads. Did you ever see them? Some were of beautiful cherry wood varnished. Two posts at the head--beautifully turned--with a round ball at the top reaching about to our chin in height. These posts were united by a beautifully shaped head board. The footposts sometimes were a little lower and not so ornamental. On the upper side of the square rails which united head and foot were driven pegs three or four inches apart and the bed cords were wound around from side to side. On this foundation of cords was laid a strongly made tick filled with straw over which were spread the sheets, quilts, blankets and coverlets. For warmth and softness the feather bed on top of the straw was used. The charges for accomodations at these taverns was nothing compared to the prices now asked for a place to sleep and eat. Dwellings were few. Only tow--the tavern and the Dr's home between the two Sandcreeks. The next two houses on opposite sides of the road were built of logs. After passing the second tavern were two frame houses with log stables and cribs. The Sandcreek Baptist Church with the beginning of a little graveyard came next and a vacant mile was passed before the next frame house in a locust grove with its log out-buildings. On past the next log tavern the first country school house was reached and a low brick dwelling which had replaced the log house on the roadside until the Cobb Tavern was reached. This was a most pretentious building for the times, of brick. Later the brick home of James B. Foley was built. It was a great event for James B. Foley was to become our congressman. He lived on the Michigan road and called his home "Locust Grove." Perhaps the first country residence to have a name. The Sandcreek Church was one of the few which had a frame building. It had no foundation but was set upon stone pillars high enough above the ground to accomodate the hogs which were

allowed to run in the road to find comfortable sleeping quarters underneath. These swine were not always quiet sleepers and the sermon of the preacher or the singing of the congregation did not always blend harmoniously with the squealing underneath. Sheep when they went into that same bed room were more quiet. There was no fence around the church premises and the wagons loaded with worshipers were driven under the shade of the walnut or beech trees. Before the house had been built there had been one immense tree upon the lot which had fallen and laid there for years. The trunk of this tree, where it left the strump was nearly as high as a horses back. The log was a great convenience to the women horse-back riders who attended the church services. The horses were guided to the log and the riders stepped from their saddle upon it. These horses often carried a double load and it was one of my childish enjoyments to sit behind the saddle and take part in this alighting performance. There were monthly services in the old church, and nearly always a protracted meeting once a year which often continued for weeks with two services daily--a morning service for singing and sermons at early candle light. How those voices rang all singing one part without the aid of any sort of instrument. There was a Sunday School in the summer and one of the first superintendents was Abel Withrow who was also the county jailer. He was a fine singer, but there were no Sunday School songs or tunes in those days. "There is a happy land far far away" was one of the first to be learned. The memorizing of the Bible was one of the tasks. It was a proud day when I stood before the school and repeated the first five chapters of Matthew except the genealogy, and later when the kind hearted jailer me the proud possessor of a box containing a large plant of purple, blooming aster. My cup of happiness was full. After the morning church services of those days there was social time enjoyed during which those who lived near the meeting house extended friendly invitations to those who had driven farther to come into the nearby homes and share the noon day meal, much of which had been prepared the day before. There were mince or fruit pies, molasses cookies, and fried crullis, (?) loaves of salt rising bread weighing two or three lbs. always ready. Then perhaps there was baked chicken or turkey, or ham. Sometimes this menu was exchanged for one of piping hot corn bread or biscuits and if butchering was just over, there would be fresh sausage or ham with head cheese, and pickle pig's feet. All this topped with hot custard pies. The men sat around the fire place and discussed church and neighborhood news. The children played on the porch or front yard until they were called to set the chairs to the table in the big kitchen where the women visitors had assisted the hostess in lifting the smoking bread, meats, and mashed potatoes and boiling coffee ready for the meal. The preacher had joined one or the other of these dinner parties, his ministerial air and voice were laid aside to take part in the jokes and hearty laughter in the home. During protracted meetings the conducting preachers spent their nights in the nearest home, because they disliked a long open air ride after preaching or a change of beds. For the noon day meal, they went farther away and spent the afternoon calling upon people whom they wanted to talk religion with. The church building had its high boxed pulpit in the front end between the two front doors. Men entered the right hand door, women the left hand. On either side were a few seats parallelling the pulpit on which sat the older brethren or sisters, those who were afflicted with deafness or vociferous piety which they expressed in their loud singing or hearty amens. (alas amen corners have them nor more) Midway in the side rows of seats there was a vacant space in which the immense heating stoves with their long pipes gave warmth to the rooms. Between the isles was the double row of seats, against the dividing partition. Much of the neighborhood courting was done in the rear of that room. Side by side against this division sat the lover and his sweetheart. Another common sight was the father with his boys sitting on one side-- the mother with her girls on the other. Often the younger tots became restless and wanted to exchange the lap of the mother for the knee of the father, and the parents made the transfer during the singing of the hymn. It was a trial to

the self conscious to walk up the front steps alone and down the long aisle encountering the gaze of the congregation, and sometimes there was waiting outside for a group to collect the boldest of which would go first. Uncurtained windows gave an abundance of day light and often too much sunshine. Four beautiful white fluted columns supported the roof. The ceiling followed the sloping of the roof, and left only about one half of it flat in the center. On the white posts were hung candle holders, also upon the casings of the rear windows, but candle lighting was dim. Five of the preachers who stood in that box pulpit lie in the old burying ground. Some of them were long and some short--the short ones increased their height by standing on a box, so they could read from the open pulpit Bible and be better seen by the congregation. The old building was deserted for the new one, built by the membership miles further out on number "29" and after standing in gloomy emptiness for years it was torn down and its timbers used to construct dwelling houses.

It was a long dusty hot walk for some of the children to attend the summer school at the Clemmons School house, or perhaps another summer school in the old log meeting house down the Madison road. A later summer term of school I attended was in the old Seminary in Greensburg. There was a readjustment of districts in the late fifties. A frame school house was perched on the right hand hill top beyond Sandcreek. Call it the hill of science if you like. One of its teachers certainly was a personality. Disobedience was punished by staying in at recess holding out at arms length a board, being called to the front seat, or standing with the face to the wall. More boys than girls received punishment. Some times the whole school received a high voiced reprimand during which the teacher strode back and forth behind his desk and shook his fists. The smaller pupils in front trembled in their seats, but the larger ones in the back desks shot back blazing glances. The holiday vacation was preceded by a treat. One eccentric teacher distributed a stick of pink and white candy, two sugar kisses and six raisins to each pupil. This district school had an ideal play ground for winter sports--coasting down the hill on sleds, skating on the frozen ice of the creek, or vigorous snow balling were enjoyed by both boys and girls. I have spoken of transportation on the road prior to the coming of the railroad. After a few trains had been established on that and a local stock yard started, buyers collected the cattle and hogs from the farms, drove them into it and loaded them upon freight trains, which carried them to the distant markets. One long familiar sight on "29" was the loaded wagons of cord wood which punctually passed between nine and ten a.m. with its supply of fuel for the town. Sometimes a dozen of these teams were in one train. Number "29" lost two dwellings by destructive fires. One a frame on the Madison road corner--the other the brick home at "Locust Grove." There have also been tragedies. A school boy was shaken from the foot log by the ice flood and carried down the stream to his death while the horrified pupils stood helpless on the banks. One dark stormy night two neighbors were returning from delivering stock in town and their frightened, blinded team plunged from the bridge on Cobbs Fork to the rocky bottom below with death for teams and men. Sometimes there were exciting runaways. Once a thirsty team of oxen left the road and plunged in deep water. There was also frequent excitement when men had lingered too long in saloon of the town. A few of these on their homeward journey made night hideous with yells, singing or profanity. Once a party of these riding in a spring wagon, both men and women, had this experience. One of the number sat on the back seat and swayed back and forth with the motion of the wagon. It struck a stone and the jolt threw the reeling man under the wheels which passed over him. One woman screamed Oh! Jake he fall out. The others looked, echoed the words and finally stopped the team. Two of the soberer ones went back to the prostrate "lump." A woman who had seen the whole performance, offered a two gallon bucket of water and cup to aid his revival. They poured the water on his head. In a quarter of an hour, his first thick words were I'm cool enough now--I'm all right, and they dragged and lifted him and rolled him into the wagon. At present homes are close together. Four or five have filled the vacant places between the solitary ones of those days. For many miles into the county not a living descendant of those '40's and '50's has a home.

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For the Historical Society

Mrs. D. W. Weaver and Miss Edith Patton

Mrs. Stimson's father (Cravens) came to Decatur County from Oxford, Ohio in 1845. Purchased farm this side of Sand Creek Cemetery. Her brother was the boy who was drowned in Sand Creek. Body not found for 2 mo. The Ross Tavern (Father of Marine Ross) was located about where the Tremain home now stands. The tavern with other buildings later purchased by her father. The Cobb Tavern (Father of Dyer Cobb) was some distance south of Dyer Cobb home. The log meeting house in the Madison Road where she attended Summer School was on the hill beyond and on other side of the road from the Barnes home (Ed Siling's present home). She attended a Summer Session at the Seminary in '54 or '55. Her aunt, Miss Rebecca Cravens was one of the first teachers at the Seminary. She was from Oxford, Ohio, and taught but one term as she had a lover in Oxford. Mrs. Stimson's father with Miss Rebecca Cravens became sick and was unable to guide his team when they were going up the hill beyond Sand Creek. She took off her shoes and stockings, got out of wagon, and guided team thru mud.

Eusebia Stimson. Mrs. Stimson's husband was a retired Baptist minister.  
(Louise Stevenson 3/24/59)

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INDIANAPOLIS, July 13, 1863-10:50a.m.

General Wallace,  
Osgood:

Morgan was in camp ten miles from Aurora at 1 this a.m. General Mansfield was at Rising Sun at 3 a.m. Gavin is at or near Lawrenceburg. Rebels have succeeded in tearing up Indianapolis and Cincinnati Railroad near Sunman. Shryock is after them. His forces are divided. Do you hear anything of Hobson? Is he moving with alacrity? Where is Duke's force?

O.P. Morton

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INDIANAPOLIS, July 13, 1863-11:15 a.m.

General Wallace,  
North Vernon:

Part of the rebel force reported at Dillsborough on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, and the rest in the vicinity of Sunman, on the Indianapolis and Cincinnati Railroad. We have got them well hemmed in. Tell Hughes to get everything he can on horseback and co-operate with Hobson. The river is well guarded. I am sending two companies of cavalry to Sunman. The chances are good. Mount everything you can and send to Hughes, at Osgood.

O.B. WILLCOX

Brigadier-General

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INDIANAPOLIS, July 13, 1863-4:20 p.m.

General Wallace,  
North Vernon:

The rebels marched through Dover for Harrison, on Ohio line, to-day; some thousands with artillery. Burnside called on me for all spare troops. Am just sending three regiments to Ohio. Keep your command in shape for quick return to this place. Please let me know what you propose with your command at Osgood.

O.B. WILLCOX,  
Brigadier-General.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 13, 1863-4:45 p.m.

General Wallace  
North Vernon:

I think it is too late to send to Osgood unless you learn from the operator of their return. Do not your scouts report that part of Morgan's force went toward Madison? Have you sent Love to Madison, or where is he? Capture of Osgood confirmed. Rebels probably marched toward Aurora and sent detachments to cut Indianapolis and Cincinnati Railroad, about ten miles distant. Please answer my dispatch about Burkham's command. Where is he?

O.B. WILLCOX,  
Brigadier-General.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 14, 1863

Major-General Wallace:

I hear from the operator at North Vernon you are still at Osgood. Has any of your infantry advanced from that point? The Governor is opposed to the plan. Answer immediately.

O.B. WILLCOX

SUNMAN, July 14, 1863-3:40

General Willcox,  
sec  
Indianapolis:

EX: I have just arrived with my command.

MEI

NIC

TAS

LEW. WALLACE  
Major-general.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 14, 1863

General Wallace,  
Sunman:

Dispatch received. Please let your men (sic) but keep them on hand so they can be moved quickly. Hascall's command has been ordered from Hamilton to Cincinnati by Burnside. The cars are collecting here to move you--probably tomorrow morning. You will be able to return if not further required. Please telegraph me the number of men and horses in the three brigades, and how many has Hughes got, so that transportation can be provided. Some of the transportation will start this afternoon; the rest to-night.

O.B. WILLCOX,  
Brigadier-General.

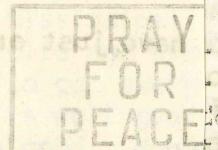
July 14, 1863

General Willcox,  
Indianapolis:

I beg you will let me get wagons to put my men in. Sticking to railroad lines will never enable us to catch Morgan. I have here Hughes' brigade and Love's and the battery, all in excellent condition, and about 4,500 effective. By tomorrow morning I will have wagon transportation for the whole, and will make sixty miles in fifteen hours. Say the word and let me go.

LEW WALLACE,  
Major-General.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
OF DECATUR COUNTY  
GREENSBURG, INDIANA



Mr. Orville Pitts  
RFD 1  
Greensburg, Indiana

THE BULLETIN

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY

Vol. 1 - No. 10

Greensburg, Indiana

June 1, 1961

PARKER'S POND

Our hosts again are the William Parkers. Their home is located approximately eight miles Southwest of Greensburg in Clay township.

ROUTE FROM GREENSBURG

Follow SR 3 and 46 to the junction West of Greensburg. Here turn left or South on SR 3. Following SR 3 turn right or West at the second cross road. (Look for the sign here). Go West on the stone road approximately one quarter-mile. **LOOK FOR THE FLAG POLE ON THE RIGHT.**

Should you find yourself in Letts - you have gone too far. Inquire locally to get out of your dilemma.

ROUTE FROM WESTPORT

Take SR 3 North toward Greensburg. After the yellow flasher at Letts turn left or West at the second cross road. (Look for the sign here). PARKER'S POND is a scant half-mile West of SR 3. **LOOK FOR THE FLAG POLE ON THE RIGHT.**

TRANSPORTATION

No problem at all. If you don't have a way call the president or one of the secretaries.

PICNIC AFTERWARD

MR. AND MRS. PARKER HEREBY EXTEND AN INVITATION TO ANY OF THE MEMBERS OR GUESTS TO BRING THEIR PICNIC BASKETS IF THEY WISH TO DO SO. TABLES WILL BE PROVIDED.

THE LAST MEETING - This, the first meeting of the year, was well attended. a thirty minute news-reel depicting the life and times of Greensburg around 1937, was shown by our good member, Sgt. Dennis Martin of the Greensburg Police Dept. How was the picture dated? By the automobiles of course! They say that one picture is worth ten thousand words. Here were hundreds of pictures and thousands of words. The second feature of the evening was one devoted to the subject of lynchings in Indiana. The speaker, Mr. Robert Montgomery of the Sandcreek H.S. staff and another valued member, did a very thorough job with a difficult topic, having documentary evidence for all of his statements. No one looks with favor on these sad commentaries but yet they are history and as such have been recorded.

OCCASION: Regular summer meeting

SPEAKER: Mrs. James E. Howard

DATE: Sunday, June 18th.

2:30 P.M., FAST TIME.

PLACE: Parker's Pond

Mrs. Loretta Howard, the widow of James E. Howard, and the curator of the HOWARD NATIONAL STEAMBOAT MUSEUM at Jeffersonville will speak on the subject - THE DAYS OF THE OHIO RIVER STEAM PACKET. Mrs. Howard born at Madison, spent the first two years of her married life at Columbus - she is very much a Hoosier. The Howard family has been identified with the boat building industry for one hundred years. The business sold in 1941 to the Jeffersonville Boat and Machine Co. is still a thriving concern. Mrs. Howard aside from knowing the steamboat business from stem to stern and all of the river lore that goes with it, is a collector of antiques. She is quite proud of her achievement in making her former twenty-two room red brick home into the attraction that it is today. Thousands visit it annually. Mrs. Howard has much in store for we land-lubbers of Decatur County. Don't miss it!

BRING AS MANY GUESTS AS YOU LIKE  
EVERYBODY IS WELCOME.

## THE FALL MEETING

The President remembering last year's fall field trip and how successful that it was, is looking forward with a great deal of anticipation to the one to be held in late September. The trip as planned will take us to the Eggleston country and the scene of the HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER. He is already in correspondence with people having an interest or connection with this phase of our early history - the period of about 1850. He would welcome any suggestion, information, pictures, documentary material - anything at all that will contribute to the story. Given a nice fall day, this can also be an enjoyable one. He hopes that the social hour with its coffee and donuts - so popular before - can again be the closing event of the day. Keep this date open!

## WHITE WATER VALLEY RAILROAD

Superintendent's Office

Connersville May 14th, 1867

L. Wingart Esq.  
Engineer No. 7

Dear Sir

Complaint is made that you run at a very high rate of speed when passing Stations.

You should run slow past all stations & road crossings and avoid killing of stock or frightening teams

Look to these matters if you wish success as an Engineer

Yours Truly

S M Avery

supt

The next time this occurs he will probably be called up on the "green carpet."

Dear Reader:

LINCOLN'S JOURNEY TO GREATNESS (by Victor Searcher) is, the sub-title tells us, "a factual account of the twelve-day inaugural trip" beginning, of course, at Springfield, Illinois - and surely all Greensburgers know that that train paused for a few minutes in our town. The route of the trip was unnecessarily round-about, mile-wise, but was very effective as a curtain-raiser for the man who, in a pre-T-V day and a pre-full-scale-national-campaigning day, was the little known man who was to become, in a few days, President of these United States, - from which slaveholding States were seceding. The fact that crowds waited at each station, speaks for the desire of the people to see this man, to hear him speak, and so, to form their opinion of what they could expect from their new President in the days ahead. They saw a thoughtful man of kindly humor, great simplicity, sincerity, and honesty - a leader whom they instinctively felt was one whom they could trust - not a politician, but rather a statesman - who did bring renewed hope to all mankind in the integrity of a people's government.

Another book recommended to you by your

Cousin Book-Worm.

Mrs. J. D. Williams of Royal Oak, Michigan is our three-hundredth member.

## RECENT ACQUISITIONS

A GENEALOGICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL RECORD OF DECATUR COUNTY, INDIANA - 1900, Charles F. Dravis - donor.

SOUVENIR PROGRAM K of P LODGE No. 148-1900. Marlin Maddux - donor.

RESOURCES & INDUSTRIES OF INDIANA DECATUR, BARTHOLOMEW, JACKSON & LAWRENCE COUNTIES - 1885. Marlin Maddux - donor.

I REMEMBER - by the author, Louis E. Porter.

## WELCOME! NEW MEMBERS

Mr. W. F. McCardle  
Mr. Hal T. Kitchin - Evansville  
Mrs. Hal T. Kitchin - Evansville  
Mr. C. E. Ziegler  
Mr. Orris Elder  
Mrs. Orris Elder  
Mr. Charles A. Walls  
Mrs. Charles A. Walls  
Mrs. Lela Owens Gray  
Mrs. Jonathan Porter  
Mr. Paul Perry  
Mr. Carl F. Harding - Hamilton, Ohio  
Mrs. J. D. Williams - Royal Oak,  
Michigan  
Mr. Wm. E. Loucks  
Mr. Terrence Noe  
Mr. Arthur J. Fushman - Grosse Point,  
Michigan  
Mr. Louis E. Porter - Cincinnati, Ohio  
Mr. Leon Pohlman  
Mrs. Frank L. Clark

Mr. and Mrs. Kitchin, known to most of us, are former Greensburgers who do maintain their home ties. Carl Harding a conductor on the Big Four, sees his native New Point, two or three times a week-from the train that is. Mrs. J. D. Williams the former Maude McMillen is not one to forget her beloved Greensburg. Arthur Fushman, a Decatur County boy, currently is the president of one of Detroit's larger banks - yes, only the president. Louie Porter is the assistant manager of the Metropole Hotel in downtown Cincinnati and revels in the history of Greensburg as he knew it circa 1900-1918.

## THE SOCIETY'S OFFICERS FOR 1961

President-----Paul H. Huber  
1st. Vice-President----Walter B. Lowe  
2nd Vice-President-Mrs. Dorothy Doles  
Corresponding Secy.-Mrs. Chas. Loucks  
Recording Secy.-Miss Helen K. Bussell  
Treasurer-----William Parker  
Editor "THE BULLETIN"--Paul H. Huber

## ADAMS 75 YEARS AGO

The village of Adams located on the C.I.C., St. L & C.R.R. was laid out in 1855 at about the time of the coming of the railroad. The population of the town 30 years later was about 400. It contained five stores, three blacksmith shops, one flouring and grist mill, one saw mill, one boot and shoe maker, one wagon maker, one carriage maker, one livery stable, one hotel, a post office and the American Express Company. There were three churches - the Methodist, Baptist and Christian churches. The average attendance of the school was 115 pupils. LOGAN & ROBERTS sold drugs, groceries, hardware, etc. They were the agents for the railroad and for the express company. W. H. HAZELRIGG also sold drugs, groceries, etc. J. W. TICE was the grain commission merchant. W.M. CONNER was a blacksmith and carriage maker. MULL BROS., A.M. ELKINS and T.J. SHIELDS operated general stores. W. APPLEGATE had the livery stable, T. HEATON operated the flour mill and W.W. RILEY was the J.P.  
(What no doctor?-ed.)

## COMING EVENTS

SECOND ANNUAL HOOSIER FESTIVAL  
CLIFTY FALLS STATE PARK  
AUGUST 13-17  
ROBERT MONTGOMERY, DIRECTOR

MECHANICSBURG SCHOOL REUNION  
NEW POINT SCHOOL  
SEPTEMBER 17

FALL FIELD TRIP - DECATUR CO.  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
LATE SEPTEMBER

## HAVE YOU PAID YOUR 1961 DUES????

Standard Time became a reality at Noon, Sunday, November 18, 1883. Prior to that, when it was 12:00 noon in New York, it was 11:55 A.M. in Philadelphia, 11:50 in Baltimore and 11:45 in Washington, D.C.

Reminiscences prepared by Mrs. E. C. Stimson for the  
Historical Society - July '33(?)

At the request of the officers of the Decatur County Historical Society, I am describing some pictures which have been hanging on memories' walls for a long time. I shall not pretend to be entirely accurate always as to dates. In my present state of age, blindness, and weakness, it would not be possible--but perhaps even in this rushing era some one will like to pause a little while and listen how things seemed in the forties, fifties and etc. Hoping to please those who care to listen, I shall begin with the evolution of the Michigan road. This road may be said to start out of Greensburg at the old court house and jail which stood in the southeast corner of the Court House Park. The long white two story brick Moss house was on the left and just where the road turned south was the low brick black-smith's shop.. No more buildings on the left, but where the railroad now crosses was the ancient graveyard. On the right was the house of the carding machine where wool was made into rolls. I think a log house-then country began. The clay hill on the right was cut down to grade the road as it went into little Sandcreek. There were beech trees growing on either side of the road, and up up up the teams pulled to the top of the hill. More beech trees, only two dwellings on the left--none on the right but trees trees trees. Clay banks on either side and down another longer hill the team plunged across the waters of Sandcreek, which often reached to the wagon wheel hubs.

Up the high steep hill, then there were several small hills with little ravines or brooks to be crossed between. At the end of a mile and a half--a level mile was reached--then more steep hills--three pairs of them--and the sparkling waters of "Cobbs Fork" between the last pair--more little hills--and at the end of four miles--"Slab Town," not a loose stone to be seen--clay soil every where and beech forests on either side interspersed with a few homes. It was such an event to come to Greensburg--sitting on a little rocking chair in the big wagon bed to watch the prancing black team plunge through the water--down and up the hills--till the big stream was reached. The team could hardly wait till Father walked out on the wagon tongue--lowered the rein and let them drink to their fill of the clear cold water. But oh! that clay soil. The summer dust was deep and flew in clouds behind every passing wagon--but the worst trouble came with winter rains and freezes. There were at least six mud holes between my home and town--through which it was impossible to draw wagons some times for days. Horse back riding for both men and women was practiced and horses stepped carefully on the road side often emitting a loud sucking sound as they drew their feet from the mud. Then freezing stiffened the ruts--and footprints into hard bumps and travel was rough. Some times in the late forties or early fifties some progressive spirits conceived the idea of using surplus trees to improve the situation--and what had been "corduroy" or whole logs to fill the low swampy places was supplanted by a continuous plank road to lead from Madison to Greensburg. How long this was in building I do not know but it furnished work for hundreds of Irish people, and was stopped unfinished on the hill where what was called "Foley's Lane" came in from the south. In the summer of 1852 on the top of the hill on the right stood a group of perhaps eight or ten one room shanties in which the worker wife and children lived. They were a jolly bunch. When work was done but when whiskey was indulged in freely there was hilarity and often bloody quarrels. The unfinished plank road did not give satisfaction. The trees were gone and repairs could not be kept up. Some one thought of stone and gravel and then we got the Greensburg and Laytons Mill pike. Scores of workmen with plows and patient oxen graded down the steeper hills hauled the broken stones, spread the surface with gravel. Timber bridges and culverts crossed the streams and brooks, but this did not take place until the late sixties. First there was the Indian trail from Madison which town in those days rivaled Cincinnati in importance. Trees on either side of the trail were marked by the ox or blazed, as it was called--the road way cleared sixty feet wide hemmed in by rail fences--called worm fences.

Some times a post and rail fence in front of a home--then the attempted plank road followed by stone and gravel and then the concrete highway now called "29." First a trail then a road--then a pike--now a highway. How strange it would seem now to have no railroads with their frequent trains for passengers or freight but people drove with private teams from place to place. The journey from Indianapolis to Cincinnati by old stage coach occupied two days. After spending the night in the old tavern opposite the jail, the four horse vehicle rolled out, the second day on "29" as far as Napoleon, where it turned to the left and proceeded to Cincinnati.

After farm work was done in the fall farmers often took their families back to Ohio or Kentucky to visit those left in the old home. Thus, antedating the passenger trains with wagons or horseback riding. There was stock to be sold and grain to be hauled to market. The latter was driven to Madison or Cincinnati. It was a common sight to look out and see a large herd of cattle driven by men walking. In the rear were wagons drawn by teams. When any of the fat porkers were too tired to continue the hundred mile journey, they were lifted into the wagons and hauled to the end. Flocks of turkeys also sometimes were driven to market, and found their own sleeping places in trees by the way side. For the accomodations of all these travelers, there were taverns--the first on "29" was on the hill top on the left--beyond little Sandcreek. The tall posts on the road side had a square frame on top in which was swinging sign with the name of the tavern keeper--"R Smith." About a mile beyond on the same side of the road was the "Ross Tavern" a little larger in size, but both alike in shape, one part a story and a half in height with a smaller one story addition on the end. The latter in the Ross tavern (or hotel) was used for a kitchen and dining room--the large lower room of the other part was filled with beds. A huge fireplace up-stairs--the half story also had beds. Travelers in those days had their jokes and fun for the low ceiling of this room had been covered with decorations made with smoking candles on the white walls. Some names, initials or pictures. Beyond this was a log tavern--and still further a brick building called the Cobb Tavern. Almost every mile furnished sleeping accomodations for the weary travelers--and the land ladies of these taverns established reputations for fine biscuits, fried ham, sausage, and plenty of strong coffee. The bedsteads. Did you ever see them? Some were of beautiful cherry wood varnished. Two posts at the head--beautifully turned--with a round ball at the top reaching about to our chin in height. These posts were united by a beautifully shaped head board. The footposts sometimes were a little lower and not so ornamental. On the upper side of the square rails which united head and foot were driven pegs three or four inches apart and the bed cords were wound around from side to side. On this foundation of cords was laid a strongly made tick filled with straw over which were spread the sheets, quilts, blankets and coverlets. For warmth and softness the feather bed on top of the straw was used. The charges for accomodations at these taverns was nothing compared to the prices now asked for a place to sleep and eat. Dwellings were few. Only tow--the tavern and the Dr's home between the two Sandcreeks. The next two houses on opposite sides of the road were built of logs. After passing the second tavern were two frame houses with log stables and cribs. The Sandcreek Baptist Church with the beginning of a little graveyard came next and a vacant mile was passed before the next frame house in a locust grove with its log out-buildings. On past the next log tavern the first country school house was reached and a low brick dwelling which had replaced the log house on the roadside until the Cobb Tavern was reached. This was a most pretentious building for the times, of brick. Later the brick home of James B. Foley was built. It was a great event for James B. Foley was to become our congressman. He lived on the Michigan road and called his home "Locust Grove." Perhaps the first country residence to have a home. The Sandcreek Church was one of the few which had a frame building. It had no foundation but was set upon stone pillars high enough above the ground to accomodate the hogs which were

allowed to run in the road to find comfortable sleeping quarters underneath. These swine were not always quiet sleepers and the sermon of the preacher or the singing of the congregation did not always blend harmoniously with the squealing underneath. Sheep when they went into that same bed room were more quiet. There was no fence around the church premises and the wagons loaded with worshipers were driven under the shade of the walnut or beech trees. Before the house had been built there had been one immense tree upon the lot which had fallen and laid there for years. The trunk of this tree, where it left the stump was nearly as high as a horses back. The log was a great convenience to the women horse-back riders who attended the church services. The horses were guided to the log and the riders stepped from their saddle upon it. These horses often carried a double load and it was one of my childish enjoyments to sit behind the saddle and take part in this alighting performance. There were monthly services in the old church, and nearly always a protracted meeting once a year which often continued for weeks with two services daily--a morning service for singing and sermons at early candle light. How those voices rang all singing one part without the aid of any sort of instrument. There was a Sunday School in the summer and one of the first superintendents was Abel Withrow who was also the county jailer. He was a fine singer, but there were no Sunday School songs or tunes in those days. "There is a happy land far far away" was one of the first to be learned. The memorizing of the Bible was one of the tasks. It was a proud day when I stood before the school and repeated the first five chapters of Matthew except the genealogy, and later when the kind hearted jailer me the proud possessor of a box containing a large plant of purple, blooming aster. My cup of happiness was full. After the morning church services of those days there was social time enjoyed during which those who lived near the meeting house extended friendly invitations to those who had driven farther to come into the nearby homes and share the noon day meal, much of which had been prepared the day before. There were mince or fruit pies, molasses cookies, and fried crulls, (?) loaves of salt rising bread weighing two or three lbs. always ready. Then perhaps there was baked chicken or turkey, or ham. Sometimes this menu was exchanged for one of piping hot corn bread or biscuits and if butchering was just over, there would be fresh sausage or ham with head cheese, and pickle pig's feet. All this topped with hot custard pies. The men sat around the fire place and discussed church and neighborhood news. The children played on the porch or front yard until they were called to set the chairs to the table in the big kitchen where the women visitors had assisted the hostess in lifting the smoking bread, meats, and mashed potatoes and boiling coffee ready for the meal. The preacher had joined one or the other of these dinner parties, his ministerial air and voice were laid aside to take part in the jokes and hearty laughter in the home. During protracted meetings the conducting preachers spent their nights in the nearest home, because they disliked a long open air ride after preaching or a change of beds. For the noon day meal, they went farther away and spent the afternoon calling upon people whom they wanted to talk religion with. The church building had its high boxed pulpit in the front end between the two front doors. Men entered the right hand door, women the left hand. On either side were a few seats parallelling the pulpit on which sat the older brethren or sisters, those who were afflicted with deafness or vociferous piety which they expressed in their loud singing or hearty amens. (alas amen corners have them nor more) Midway in the side rows of seats there was a vacant space in which the immense heating stoves with their long pipes gave warmth to the rooms. Between the isles was the double row of seats, against the dividing partition. Much of the neighborhood courting was done in the rear of that room. Side by side against this division sat the lover and his sweetheart. Another common sight was the father with his boys sitting on one side-- the mother with her girls on the other. Often the younger tots became restless and wanted to exchange the lap of the mother for the knee of the father, and the parents made the transfer during the singing of the hymn. It was a trial to

the self conscious to walk up the front steps alone and down the long aisle encountering the gaze of the congregation, and sometimes there was waiting outside for a group to collect the boldest of which would go first. Uncurtained windows gave an abundance of day light and often too much sunshine. Four beautiful white fluted columns supported the roof. The ceiling followed the sloping of the roof, and left only about one half of it flat in the center. On the white posts were hung candle holders, also upon the casings of the rear windows, but candle lighting was dim. Five of the preachers who stood in that box pulpit lie in the old burying ground. Some of them were long and some short--the short ones increased their height by standing on a box, so they could read from the open pulpit Bible and be better seen by the congregation. The old building was deserted for the new one, built by the membership miles further out on number "29" and after standing in gloomy emptiness for years it was torn down and its timbers used to construct dwelling houses.

It was a long dusty hot walk for some of the children to attend the summer school at the Clemmons School house, or perhaps another summer school in the old log meeting house down the Madison road. A later summer term of school I attended was in the old Seminary in Greensburg. There was a readjustment of districts in the late fifties. A frame school house was perched on the right hand hill top beyond Sandcreek. Call it the hill of science if you like. One of its teachers certainly was a personality. Disobedience was punished by staying in at recess holding out at arms length a board, being called to the front seat, or standing with the face to the wall. More boys than girls received punishment. Some times the whole school received a high voiced reprimand during which the teacher strode back and forth behind his desk and shook his fists. The smaller pupils in front trembled in their seats, but the larger ones in the back desks shot back blazing glances. The holiday vacation was preceded by a treat. One eccentric teacher distributed a stick of pink and white candy, two sugar kisses and six raisins to each pupil. This district school had an ideal play ground for winter sports--coasting down the hill on sleds, skating on the frozen ice of the creek, or vigorous snow balling were enjoyed by both boys and girls. I have spoken of transportation on the road prior to the coming of the railroad. After a few trains had been established on that and a local stock yard started, buyers collected the cattle and hogs from the farms, drove them into it and loaded them upon freight trains, which carried them to the distant markets. One long familiar sight on "29" was the loaded wagons of cord wood which punctually passed between nine and ten a.m. with its supply of fuel for the town. Sometimes a dozen of these teams were in one train. Number "29" lost two dwellings by destructive fires. One a frame on the Madison road corner--the other the brick home at "Locust Grove." There have also been tragedies. A school boy was shaken from the foot log by the ice flood and carried down the stream to his death while the horrified pupils stood helpless on the banks. One dark stormy night two neighbors were returning from delivering stock in town and their frightened, blinded team plunged from the bridge on Cobbs Fork to the rocky bottom below with death for teams and men. Sometimes there were exciting runways. Once a thirsty team of oxen left the road and plunged in deep water. There was also frequent excitement when men had lingered too long in saloon of the town. A few of these on their homeward journey made night hideous with yells, singing or profanity. Once a party of these riding in a spring wagon, both men and women, had this experience. One of the number sat on the back seat and swayed back and forth with the motion of the wagon. It struck a stone and the jolt threw the reeling man under the wheels which passed over him. One woman screamed Oh! Jake he fall out. The others looked, echoed the words and finally stopped the team. Two of the soberer ones went back to the prostrate "lump." A woman who had seen the whole performance, offered a two gallon bucket of water and cup to aid his revival. They poured the water on his head. In a quarter of an hour, his first thick words were I'm cool enough now--I'm all right, and they dragged and lifted him and rolled him into the wagon. At present homes are close together. Four or five have filled the vacant places between the solitary ones of those days. For many miles into the county not a living descendant of those '40's and '50's has a home.

For the Historical Society

Mrs. D. W. Weaver and Miss Edith Patton

Mrs. Stimson's father (Cravens) came to Decatur County from Oxford, Ohio in 1845. Purchased farm this side of Sand Creek Cemetery. Her brother was the boy who was drowned in Sand Creek. Body not found for 2 mo. The Ross Tavern (Father of Marine Ross) was located about where the Tremain home now stands. The tavern with other buildings later purchased by her father. The Cobb Tavern (Father of Dyer Cobb) was some distance south of Dyer Cobb home. The log meeting house in the Madison Road where she attended Summer School was on the hill beyond and on other side of the road from the Barnes home (Ed Siling's present home). She attended a Summer Session at the Seminary in '54 or '55. Her aunt, Miss Rebecca Cravens was one of the first teachers at the Seminary. She was from Oxford, Ohio, and taught but one term as she had a lover in Oxford. Mrs. Stimson's father with Miss Rebecca Cravens became sick and was unable to guide his team when they were going up the hill beyond Sand Creek. She took off her shoes and stockings, got out of wagon, and guided team thru mud.

Eusebia Stimson. Mrs. Stimson's husband was a retired Baptist minister.

(Louise Stevenson 3/24/59)

INDIANAPOLIS, July 13, 1863-10:50a.m.

General Wallace,  
Osgood:

Morgan was in camp ten miles from Aurora at 1 this a.m. General Mansfield was at Rising Sun at 3 a.m. Gavin is at or near Lawrenceburg. Rebels have succeeded in tearing up Indianapolis and Cincinnati Railroad near Sunman. Shryock is after them. His forces are divided. Do you hear anything of Hobson? Is he moving with alacrity? Where is Duke's force?

O.P. Morton

INDIANAPOLIS, July 13, 1963-11:15 a.m.

General Wallace,  
North Vernon:

Part of the rebel force reported at Dillsborough on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, and the rest in the vicinity of Sunman, on the Indianapolis and Cincinnati Railroad. We have got them well hemmed in. Tell Hughes to get everything he can on horseback and co-operate with Hobson. The river is well guarded. I am sending two companies of cavalry to Sunman. The chances are good. Mount everything you can and send to Hughes, at Osgood.

O. B. WILLCOX

Brigadier-General *John G. Maitland*

INDIANAPOLIS, July 13, 1863-4:20 p.m.

General Wallace,  
North Vernon:

The rebels marched through Dover for Harrison, on Ohio line, to-day; some thousands with artillery. Burnside called on me for all spare troops. Am just sending three regiments to Ohio. Keep your command in shape for quick return to this place. Please let me know what you propose with your command at Osgood.

O.B. WILLCOX,  
Brigadier-General.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 13, 1863-4:45 p.m.

General Wallace  
North Vernon:

I think it is too late to send to Osgood unless you learn from the operator of their return. Do not your scouts report that part of Morgan's force went toward Madison? Have you sent Love to Madison, or where is he? Capture of Osgood confirmed. Rebels probably marched toward Aurora and sent detachments to cut Indianapolis and Cincinnati Railroad, about ten miles distant. Please answer my dispatch about Burkham's command. Where is he?

O.B. WILLCOX,  
Brigadier-General.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 14, 1863

Major-General Wallace:

I hear from the operator at North Vernon you are still at Osgood. Has any of your infantry advanced from that point? The Governor is opposed to the plan. Answer immediately.

O.B. WILLCOX

SUNMAN, July 14, 1863-3:40

General Willcox,  
sec Indianapolis:

have just arrived with my command.  
EXT  
MEN  
NIC  
TAF

LEW. WALLACE  
Major-general.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 14, 1863

General Wallace,  
Sunman:

Dispatch received. Please let your men (sic) but keep them on hand so they can be moved quickly. Hascall's command has been ordered from Hamilton to Cincinnati by Burnside. The cars are collecting here to move you--probably tomorrow morning. You will be able to return if not further required. Please telegraph me the number of men and horses in the three brigades, and how many has Hughes got, so that transportation can be provided. Some of the transportation will start this afternoon; the rest to-night.

O. B. WILLCOX,  
Brigadier-General.

July 14, 1863

General Willcox,  
Indianapolis:

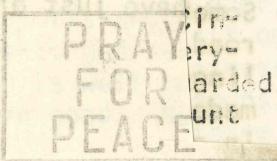
I beg you will let me get wagons to put my men in. Sticking to railroad lines will never enable us to catch Morgan. I have here Hughes' brigade and Love's and the battery, all in excellent condition, and about 4,500 effective. By tomorrow morning I will have wagon transportation for the whole, and will make sixty miles in fifteen hours. Say the word and let me go.

LEW WALLACE,  
Major-General.

O. B. WILLCOX

SUNMAN

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
OF DECATUR COUNTY  
GREENSBURG, INDIANA



Sandusky High School  
RFD 1  
Greensburg, Indiana

THE BULLETIN

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY

VOL. 1 - No. 11

Greensburg, Indiana

September 9, 1961

THE LAST MEETING

The summer meeting and picnic held June 18th was another enjoyable affair on the calendar of the Society-noteworthy for the very fine presentation of the subject - THE DAYS OF THE OHIO RIVER STEAM PACKET - by Mrs. James E. Howard of Jeffersonville and the hospitality of the hosts, Mr. and Mrs. William Parker. As evidence of the success of the affair, there were ninety in attendance. Mrs. Howard long identified with and engaged in the boat building industry with her late husband, spoke with the conviction of one knowing her subject. A question and answer period followed with Mrs. Howard equal to the occasion. She is the curator of the HOWARD NATIONAL STEAMBOAT MUSEUM located at 1101 E. Market St., Jeffersonville, Indiana. The picnic was delightful thanks to the courtesy of the Parkers-always the gracious hosts. Mr. and Mrs. Everett Huntzinger of Pendleton were special guests.

"THE FIRST OF THE HOOSIERS"

In Decatur County there lived Captain William Lowry, our mother's uncle. He was a veteran of the war of 1812, and as a young man he had "located" a large tract of government land in that region..... When he settled there about 1818 he had no white man for neighbor within twenty miles of him. Indians were all about, but the pioneer knew how to deal with them in peace-procuring ways.... The only school I can now remember in all the region round about, was one which our great-uncle, Captain Lowry, had built on the outskirts of his own farm, to be used rent free by any wandering schoolmaster who might succeed in securing "scholars" enough to justify him in keeping school.

George Cary Eggleston

OCCASION: Annual Fall Field Trip  
Sunday Afternoon  
September 24, 1961

WHERE: Clay Township

A caravan will leave the home of the President, 323 N. Broadway, Greensburg, Indiana promptly at 1:15 P.M., Central Daylight Saving Time, to visit the Eggleston country and the scene of THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER.

The first stop will be at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Willard Martin on the Vandalia Road, four miles West of Greensburg.

The final event of the afternoon will be a social hour to be held at Milford. Coffee and doughnuts will be served by the Society.

**BRING AS MANY GUESTS AS YOU LIKE!  
EVERYBODY IS WELCOME!**

NO TRANSPORTATION!

No problem at all. Feel free to call any of the officers. A way will be provided.

RAIN DATE

In the event of rain, the trip will be postponed until the following Sunday.

IMPORTANT!

The Committee requests that those planning to go on the field trip make the fact known to any of the officers. The reason is obvious.

**SHELBYVILLE NEWS:** "Liberty," said Woodrow Wilson, "has never come from government. Liberty has always come from the subjects of it. The history of liberty is a history of resistance. The history of liberty is a history of the limitation of governmental power, not the increase of it."

## TRIBUTE

Peacefully they sleep  
Beneath the giant tree  
That spreads its arms  
To shelter them from storm.

Quietly now they rest  
From life's tempestuous ways.

Loved and were loved.

Their lives a symphony  
Of joy and sorrow  
And God given courage  
To live in wilderness alone  
With faith and hope eternal.

Strong were they in purpose

To leave the gracious home

In old Virginia

And here - mid trials

Of which we only dream,

To claim this portion

Of the land their own.

And from the forest dense

They hewed the sacred

Dwelling place of man -

A home.

Sacred in love and faith

And joy and trust

Each in the other -

Holding in their arms

The gifts God gave them.

Stalwart and strong were they,

To wrench earth's gifts

From her unwilling hands.

Sowing, reaping,

Gleaning, storing -

Joyful in this and more -

Joyful in the wonder of their

Children -

Fruits of their bodies

Expressions of their love,

Souls from Heaven

Sent by a loving Father

To glorify their lives

And purpose of living.

Tenderly their children laid them side by side beneath the tree.

She in gentle autumn

Closed her lovely eyes in peace

And lay asleep in the kind earth

Beneath the tree

Whose golden leaves came down

And made a coverlid

To gentle over and soften

The earth so newly stirred.

Two long years went by -

And he, whose love and beauty

Lay beneath the tree,

And gently beckoned

To a lonely, shattered heart,

Laid down his weary load,

And smiling in the darkness

Whispered - "Coming Jane"

A hundred years have passed

The world in turmoil and peace.

Wonders never dreamed by them

Now commonplace to all

And still they sleep.

Loving hands placed giant slabs

of stone

Around their resting place,

And bolted them with iron bands

To hold them ever there -

Loving hands placed marble slabs

With names cut deep and true

That those who came might know

Here lies Clayborn -

And here lies Jane -

Proudly the name of Gentry follows each.

Reverently we stood

Beneath the giant tree

And gazed in wonder

At the resting place of those

Who lived so long ago.

What were they like?

Why did they come?

Why did they choose this place

In all the wilderness

To be their own?

Gently we cleared the place

Of fallen twigs and stone

To honor them.

And as we turned away

To leave them to their peace -

I bowed my head

And asked God's blessing

On their souls.

-GAIL ALLEY BAILEY

You will find this hallowed spot, high

on the East bank of Sand Creek in Sec-

tion 32, Township 9 North, Range 9

East-ed.

Dear Reader:

Julia was the plainest of the Dent girls, but the warmth of her personality made an immediate impression on young Lieutenant Grant when the two met. When Julia, his bride, first met his family, she - and the reader - learn about the youthful years of Hiram Ulysses Grant; the initials of his name would have led to many jokes at West Point, so Lyss, as his family called him, changed it to Ulysses H. Grant; but the Congressman who signed his application for the Point, had already made him Ulysses S. Grant; and so, he became Uncle Sam, and finally Sam, to fellow-cadets.

After Grant resigned from the Army, he drifted, without success, in and out of several trades, then accepted his father's offer to go into the family's tanning business - which he never liked - in Galena, Illinois. (See feature article of the Editor in this Bulletin.)

The sub-title of the book is The Life of Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant - but a biography of the General and the President who was her famous husband. The author, Ishbel Ross (she is the author of Proud Kate too - I wrote of her in my first letter to you - remember?) sums up the lives of the two in these words: "Each viewed the other through the rosiest of mists, which first floated between them at White Haven (the Dent home) when Julia was nineteen and Ulysses twenty-three....The illusion served always to make the good moments better and the bad ones more bearable."

I can think of many good reasons why I could predict that you will decide that The General's Wife (the title of this book) is very interesting, informative, and well written, but - "tempus fugit" - as well as space - and I feel sure that the Editor of the Bulletin would frown on undue verbosity on the part of your

Cousin Book-Worm.

#### WE HONOR

Mrs. Mary E. Coombs, the former Mary Martin of Decatur County, a graduate of Greensburg H.S. and a teacher at Milford in the twenties, was recently the honored guest and subject for a "This Is Your Life" program. Mrs. Coombs lives in retirement at Michigantown, Indiana.

#### LOST AND FOUND COLUMN

The Saltcreek Church of Christ was organized January 22, 1831 in Decatur County, Indiana. The charter members were: William Goudge, Absalom Blackburn, Rebecca Blackburn, Samuel McClary and Elizabeth, Joseph Parrish and Martha, Elisha Craglen and Polly, Samuel Githen and Jane, John H. Davis, Mary Davis, Jas. Davis, Martha Davis, Isaac Partlow and Rachel, Allison Snelling and Artimesia Snelling. William Goudge was the first minister of the church and William Snelling gave the land for the church. Mrs. Ida Crim Salisbury, 1303 S. Baltimore Road, Kirksville, Mo. who is a descendent of the Snellings, is currently working on a history of the Linville family and wishes further information about this church, particularly as to its location in the county.

Mrs. Basil Burge, Spearsville Rd., Trafalgar, Indiana wishes information on Charles L. Wilkinson, born in Indiana, enlisted in 1865 at Greensburg in Company I-16th. Indiana Infantry and transferred to the 13th. Indiana Cavalry. She wishes to know the place of his birth and his parents names.

(The ed. suggests that any replies be directed to the corr. secty.)

#### THE SOCIETY'S OFFICERS 1961

President-----Paul H. Huber  
1st. Vice-President---Walter B. Lowe  
2nd. Vice-President-Mrs. Dorothy Doles  
Corresponding Secy.-Mrs. Chas. Loucks

131 W. Central Ave.  
Greensburg, Indiana

Recording Secy.-Miss Helen K. Bussell  
711 N. East St.

Greensburg, Indiana

Treasurer-----William Parker

"THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER"

ALUMNI HALL

Wednesday Evening, June 3

\*\*

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Ralph Hartsook-----John Shannon  
the Schoolmaster  
Jack Means-----John Dickerson  
Bud Means-----Enos Porter  
Nancy Ann Means-----Ella Zeigler  
Mirandy-----Clara Lambert  
Granny Sanders-----Fannie Wooden  
Nancy Sawyer-----Ella Doles  
Hank Banty-----Frank Drake  
Bill Means-----Dyer Hazelrigg  
Mrs. Johnson-----Mollie Peery  
Walter Johnson-----Will Christy  
Shockey-----Warren Shane  
Mrs. Bell-----Flora Hutchinson  
Mrs. Pete Jones-----Amelia Hammon  
Hannah-----Maggie Lathrop  
Betsy Short-----Nellie Hollinsbee  
Pete Jones, Jr.-----Will Hamilton  
Squire Hawkins-----Oscar Miller  
Martha Hawkins-----Mary Bonner  
Pete Jones-----John Emmert  
Jeems Phillips-----Dal Tilson  
Dr. Small-----Prof. Allison  
Bronson-----John Dickerson  
Judge Underwood-----Frank McCoy  
Schnapps, the-----Will Christy  
dutchman  
Mrs. Pearson-----Kittie Eddelman  
Brother Wadkin-----Enos Porter  
John Pearson-----Alva Reed

The late Mrs. Fannie Wooden Moss was the last of these Thespians of the nineties. The play was in five acts-ed.

Nurse showing new patient to his room:  
"Now we want you to be happy and enjoy yourself while here, so if there is anything you want that we haven't got, let me know and I'll show you how to get along without it."

If Patrick Henry thought taxation without representation was bad, he should see it with representation.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

of valuable real estate

located in Rockbridge and Bath Counties, Virginia.

By virtue of decrees entered in.....

a. The undivided one-half interest of John B. Catlett, Jr. in that certain tract of land of 73 acres, more or less, situate, lying and being in Walker's Creek Magisterial District of Rockbridge County, Virginia, on the waters of Big Calf Pasture River and described by metes and bounds as follows:

Beginning at a point in the middle of Big Calf Pasture River in the line of Cyrus H. Judy's land; thence with the middle of said river north 9 deg. West 26 poles to a point in the middle of said river north  $30\frac{1}{2}$  deg. east 26 poles to a point in an abrupt bend of said river; thence north 47 deg. west  $4\frac{1}{2}$  poles to a point in a county road; thence along said road north 43 deg. east 16 poles to a point in said road; thence north 59 deg. east 8 poles to a stone pile near the edge of said road; thence along the foot of a hill north 76 deg. 22.4 poles to a white walnut; thence north 85 deg. east 12 poles to a stake; thence north  $57\frac{1}{2}$  deg. east 6 poles to two "lynn"; thence north 47 deg. east 10 poles to a large "popular" near the head of a spring; thence three lines around the head of said spring making an offset 60 feet square enclosing said spring, north 43 deg. west 3.5 poles to a black oak; thence north 47 deg. east 3.5 poles to a stake; thence South 43 deg. east 315 poles to a stake in the extension of the former line, completing the offset around said spring; thence from said offset.....

ed's note-This gem from our agent in Lexington, Va. What an easy way for the surveyor to get around the spring!

## BACK TO SCHOOL!

The historical paper below was written by the late William F. Robbins in 1916 about the Malden School in Marion Township, 8 miles south of Greensburg and is typical of early times in Decatur County in the decade before the Civil War. The paper was turned over to the Decatur County Historical Society and is as follows--

I am writing this letter in line of attending the exercises to be held at your school on March 17, 1916 in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the admission of Indiana to the Union of the States then comprising the United States of America.

I was born and grew to manhood within a short distance of the school and obtained the rudiments of an education within the four walls of the frame building which stood on the site of the present building. The first house was a log structure and stood  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile east and  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile south of where the school is now located. This house was about 18 x 24 feet with one window on each side and a door in one end and a very large fireplace in the other. The floor was of rough boards and the walls were the rough logs with the spaces filled with "chinking" and "daubing." The ceiling was made of very coarse planking supported by rough poles. The seats were logs flattened on one side with pins driven in the other side for legs or supports. There were two writing desks, one on each side of the room. These were dressed boards 10 or 12 feet long and 16 or 18 inches wide resting on pins driven into the wall at an angle of 20 degrees from the horizontal. This was about the height of the ordinary standing desk of the present day and a seat was provided which was of the same general construction of the others except it was about 30 inches high and not so wide on top. Pupils whose legs were long enough to reach the floor were honored by being promoted to the "writing desk."

In this school were taught the three R's--Readin, Ritin and Rithmetic and one or two pupils had taken up English, Grammar and Geography, and every day we had some spelling and then on Friday afternoon we spelled all the afternoon. On special occasions on Friday the spelling commenced at 9 A.M. and lasted all day. This school passed out of existence before the advent of the blackboards.

The new frame school house was built in 1858 or 1859, and the first school was taught by James Havens Burk, a son of John Burk, founder of Burk's Chapel and who was one of Gen. Andrew Jackson's famous Kentucky Squirrel Hunters at the battle of New Orleans. James H. Burk afterward became a member of the 37th regiment, and Captain of the company and was killed at the Battle of the Wilderness. He was a man of fine literary attainments and an author of some note. Others who taught from 1860 to 1870 were Platt Wicks, a lawyer, William G. Holland, another lawyer, Leon Lehman, who had more years service in the school room than anyone else in Marion Township, Mrs. Hutchison a pioneer among lady teachers and J.A. Purvis.

At the first school taught in this little frame house there gathered 75 pupils ranging in age from 6 years to 25 years. Perhaps 25 of these were young men and women. How they could all be accommodated in so small a space is beyond comprehension. The textbooks were McGuffey's Speller and Reader including the Sixth Reader and Kidd's' Elocution for some of the more advanced pupils, the old reliable Ray's arithmetic and Pinneo's English Grammar. On the wall at one end of the room was a dressed board about 24 x 36 inches in dimension colored with lamp black intended for a blackboard but seldom used. The chalk used came in hunks like broken stone and had to be broken up in hand sized pieces with a hammer. Sometimes it would make a white mark but often was only a scratch made by a piece of gravel imbedded in the chalk. Another great improvement in this school was a heating stove;

something which most of us had never seen before and it offered a youngster a deal of sport to spit on the hot smooth surface and see the bubbles go chasing each other across and back and forth.

We got our drinking water from a spring located in a hollow just southwest of the school. We brought it in a wooden bucket and all drank from the same cup.

Disease germs had not been invented at that time. Measles, whooping cough, mumps, chicken pox, itch and small pox were simply visitations and as such, served to alternate with ague in the summer and fall. Vaccination had then been discovered and was practiced to a limited extent but usually resulted in an outbreak of small pox.

A roster of the school made at that time would contain the names of Burk, Stone, Sholts, Beard, Hutchison, Darby, Gaynor, Robbins and many others who have passed from memory.

The games played were "Town Ball" the proquistor of baseball--"Bull Pen"--"Two, Three, Four" and an almost unlimited number of "Corner Cat"--"Running Base" and when there was snow on the ground "Fox and Grapes."

There were no wall maps or charts at that time and "foolscap" was the only writing paper. This was sewed into a book form and covered with coarse brown paper. The ink was largely hand made--the coloring being "log wood." Sometimes a liquid made from maple bark was used. None of it had any ingredients to prevent freezing and our troubles were greatly augmented on that account. Steel pens were in use but very expensive with "Gillott's 3035" being the favorites. Some goose quill pens were in use but the art of making them was lost about this time. Most of the writing was done on slates but it was not thought necessary for a boy or girl to use these before the age of 10 years.

At that time the school house was headquarters for almost all kinds of entertainment--spelling school, singing school and writing school held at night were important factors in our educational and social system. The question that puzzles me is how a young man ever manages to get a wife or a young woman a husband since these factors have fallen into disuse. I am sure that without them I would have died a bachelor.

I sincerely wish that I could go to Malden School and meet there all the teachers and pupils whom I knew there during the sixties, but I realize this can never be.

May God keep and preserve you and each pupil of your little school and direct you in the right and may you and those who have proceeded prove a help and a blessing to the generations that shall follow.

With kindest regards,

W. F. Robbins

My readers must tell me more about Mr. Robbins. He has written very well. What a fine member he might have been for the Historical Society--ed.

## ANYONE FOR A TRIP?

YE EDITOR recommends Galena, Illinois for a long week-end holiday. This is a town located in the extreme Northwest corner of the state, some four miles from the Mississippi River on it's own Fever River-they prefer to call it the Galena now. Dubuque, Iowa is not too far away and Wisconsin is even closer. Here, many years ago, the Indians mined lead-until the white man came-and took over that operation!!! Today the Eagle-Pitcher Company works those mines. It was here that Jesse Grant set his son Ulysses up in the leather business. Galena, another name for lead-was a boom town in the forties and fifties, had a population of 16,000 and like Shawneetown at the lower end of the state, outshone Chicago. U.S. Grant left his comfortable brick home-still standing-to go to the Civil War. He returned to a more pretentious one-a gift from the City of Galena, and now a state shrine. You will find here one hundred old homes of the Grant vintage, substantial bricks with standing seam roofs that are architects dreams. The present day post-office, to all appearances a modern-day structure was navigable and fifteen to twenty steamboats were tied up at a time. They have the pictures to prove it. One stays at the hotel-the DeSoto that is. Here you climb the grand stair-case as did Abraham Lincoln and U.S. Grant during their political campaign days. Should you be there over Labor Day you might attend the Corn Boil, and event which is something akin to an Indian picnic! If you are interested in antiques you will find them here-nine shops in all. Galena is still a town of 4,000 people, with it's many churches and fine people. Other points of interest are-the ancient 1812 cemetery, the Market House with it's current display of early Illinois architecture-and so well done!-the steps leading to the streets on the slope-Bench Street being one of them, High Street another. What caused the decline of Galena? The natives say-the coming of the railroad,

the Illinois Central to be exact. Call it a decline if you wish-this correspondent thinks that Galena still has everything, not the least of which is history, tradition, architecture, nice people-what more could one want?

## WELCOME! NEW MEMBERS

Mr. William C. Richardson

Mr. Floyd Allison

Mrs. Dorothy Allison

Mr. Don H. Montgomery

Mrs. Anna L. Templeton

Mrs. Edna Berryman-Anderson, Ind.

Mr. Floyd Gatewood

Mrs. Harry E. (Ruth) Buell

Mrs. Berryman is the former Edna Ketchum of Greensburg.

## RECENT ACQUISITIONS

CENTENNIAL OF THE PARISH OF  
ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST, ENOCHSBURG,  
INDIANA - SEPTEMBER 30, 1945

Rev. A. J. Schneider - donor

MC COY HISTORY AND GENEALOGY-1904

Mrs. Robert Hamilton Steele,  
Topeka, Kansas - donor

ACROSS THE PLAINS-1852 From the notes of Origen Thomson. Published in Greensburg in 1896 by Orville Thomson. This is an account of the overland journey of Rush and Decatur County emigrants to the "far-off" Oregon, in 1852.  
Mrs. Steele - donor.

INVOICES-SHIRK & EMMERT-1872

No typewriters then.

Miss Mary K. Emmert - donor

Every new opinion at its starting is precisely, in a minority of one.

Thomas Carlyle 1840

This is the last of a series of telegrams pertaining to Morgan's raid through Indiana in July 1863. The source was the Official Record of the Civil War. These were turbulent times-ed.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 14, 1863.

General WALLACE:

Morgan is already across Little Miami and beyond. Can't say the word.

O.B. WILLCOX,  
Brigadier-General.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 15, 1863.

General WALLACE:

General Burnside informed me that the emergency is passed. You will please order your command here as soon as possible, that they may be discharged and return to their homes without any unnecessary delay. Confer with superintendent of railroad about transportation.

O.P. MORTON.

( SPECIAL ORDERS )  
( NO. 267. )

HDQRS. DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO

Cincinnati, Ohio, July 15, 1863.

3. To the volunteer troops of Indiana who have patriotically and promptly marched at the call of their civil authorities great praise is due, and the general commanding returns his thanks for their assistance, both to them and to the Governor of that State, by whose order they were assembled and organized.

By order of Major-General Burnside:

R.H.I. GODDARD

Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

Series I, Volume 52  
Part 1 (Supplement)  
Pages 68-70

JULY 2-26, 1863.--Morgan's Raid in Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio.

Report of Maj. Gen. Lewis Wallace, U.S. Army

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., July 27, 1863.

SIR:

I reported to Governor Morton on the morning of the 11th July for duty, and at his request took command of a detachment of the Legion for operations against Morgan, who was then reported in the neighborhood of Vernon, in this State. It appears General Carrington had reported to General Willcox that as early as 9 a.m. a body of troops 2,200 or 2,500 strong were ready to march. I waited for them at the depot of the Madison and Indianapolis Railroad, intending to put them on the cars and proceed immediately to Vernon. About 10:30 a.m. Colonel Shuler reported his regiment there. Upon inquiry I found they had no ammunition. Shortly after Colonel Gregory reported with his command. It also was without ammunition. In

addition it was without rations. These were all reported. Their united strength was about 1,300 effective. I waited for ammunition till about 4 p.m. Receiving a limited supply a start was then made for Vernon. At Columbus news was received that Morgan had surrounded Vernon; that General Love was in the place with about 1,200 men; that a surrender had been demanded of him; that he refused compliance, but wanted re-enforcements immediately; that Morgan's whole force, about 8,000 strong, with six pieces of artillery, was around the town. About the same time I was informed that the Fifteenth Indiana Battery had left Indianapolis to report to me. Though very anxious to put out to General Love's relief, I waited for the battery, and in the meantime made every preparation for a fight. As I had to approach Vernon after night, and had reason to expect that Morgan, if he was seriously demonstrating against the place, would attempt to prevent the re-enforcement of Love, it was necessary to anticipate as far as possible every contingency and provide against them beforehand. I made no doubt that I would be attacked while in the cars, where my raw command would be at great disadvantage. The contingencies of such an event was what I had to anticipate and provide for. This will account for the airy conditions of the box-cars in my trains, which was doubtless observed by the railroad agents next morning. All my orders were promptly executed except by the captain of the battery. He was directed to harness his horses and keep them so in the cars. He neglected the order and, as a consequence, the little column had to wait for him and his battery at North Vernon until after daylight before it could move. At Columbus I procured a pilot engine and arranged signals. One long whistle from the pilot was to signify obstruction on the track; three long whistles, the enemy. At this latter my command was to disembark and form for battle. Except for these purposes the engineers received positive orders not to sound a note. To my great annoyance, however, some of them kept up their ordinary practice and whistled on their loudest key at the stations and switches. I reached North Vernon about 1 o'clock in the morning. About 6 a.m., the column started for Old Vernon, where we arrived only to be informed that Morgan had decamped with his whole force. My engineers had given him due notice of our approach, and, mounting his men, he made Dupont, some ten miles distant, by the time the battery was unloaded and in place in the column. This movement of Morgan's satisfied me of what I thought I knew before, viz, that he would not fight if he could help it; also that, as against him, infantry could accomplish nothing more than the defense of towns and railroad bridges. To think of catching him with footmen was folly. At Vernon General Love turned the command over to me. That officer and his subordinates are really entitled to great credit. He had, besides firmly rejecting the demand for surrender, made the best possible disposition of his little force to defend the towns, and, like his men, was willing and was ready for the fight.

The commands united formed a very respectable force. I subjoin an informal report of them made to me in the morning at Vernon. To pursue Morgan on foot was what I have already stated of it. I was at first disposed to march immediately to Madison, but concluded to wait until it was definitely ascertained where the enemy was going. It soon appeared that he was heading to the east. I then suggested throwing a force down the Lawrenceburg railroad, and telegraphed for permission to move my force to Osgood. Next day (the 13th) this permission came, and we pushed off for that place. There I telegraphed to Lawrenceburg asking citizens to collect wagons-- and meet me at \_\_\_\_\_. There can be no doubt that if this plan could have been carried out Morgan could have been overtaken. He was at that time no more than twenty-five miles ahead of me and moving slowly. With the wagons, I could have made a forced march of sixty miles. Unfortunately the confusion in Dearborn County consequent upon the enemy's presence was so great as to make it impossible to procure a sufficiency of the required transportation. From Osgood, on the

morning of the 14th instant, I marched to Sunman's Station, on the Indianapolis and Lawrenceburg Railroad. On the 16th instant the command was ordered to return to Indianapolis. While lying at Vernon, I issued an order for the collection by impressment of all the horses within three miles of the place. The execution of this order was given to Colonel Shuler. So industriously did he work that by 3 o'clock he had 160 horses. These were at once mounted by details from his regiment and Colonel Gregory's. The command of the detachment was given Colonel Shuler, and he started in pursuit with the following Order.

VERNON, IND., July 12, 1863.

Colonel SHULER:

With your mounted men you will follow vigorously on the route of the rebel Morgan, harassing his rear, picking up stragglers, and never leaving his path while in Indiana.

LEW WALLACE,  
General Commanding.

The colonel outstripped General Hobson's cavalry and overtook the enemy at Harrison, where he reports having had quite a skirmish. It is very much to be regretted that the Legion consists so entirely of infantry. Two or three regiments of cavalry would have stopped Morgan before he passed into Ohio. I respectfully suggest attention to the organization of that arm of the service. In conclusion, I have no doubt that the men under my command would have acquitted themselves very handsomely in a fight. Their conduct under arms was in every respect creditable.

Very respectfully, general, your friend and servant,

LEW. WALLACE.

Adj't. Gen. L. Noble.

---o---

Report of troops at North Vernon, July 13, 1863.

	Enlisted men for duty	Officers.
Boone County Regiment, Col. Gregory, commanding	575	32
Battalion, Lt-Col. Hays commanding	386	9
" , Col. Bennett commanding	500	22
Fifteenth Indiana Battery, Capt. _____ commanding	122*	1
Detachment 9th Ind. Legion, Capt. Adams	42	2
" " " " , Capt. Ennis	65	3
	<u>1,690</u>	<u>68</u>
Detachment (at Vernon) Col. DeLand commanding	400	18
11th Indiana Legion, Col Williams commanding	169	9
Total.....	2,259	95

\*Six guns--three inch rifles

THE BULLETIN

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY

VOL. 1 - No. 11

Greensburg, Indiana

September 9, 1961

THE LAST MEETING

The summer meeting and picnic held June 18th was another enjoyable affair on the calendar of the Society-noteworthy for the very fine presentation of the subject - THE DAYS OF THE OHIO RIVER STEAM PACKET - by Mrs. James E. Howard of Jeffersonville and the hospitality of the hosts, Mr. and Mrs. William Parker. As evidence of the success of the affair, there were ninety in attendance. Mrs. Howard long identified with and engaged in the boat building industry with her late husband, spoke with the conviction of one knowing her subject. A question and answer period followed with Mrs. Howard equal to the occasion. She is the curator of the HOWARD NATIONAL STEAMBOAT MUSEUM located at 1101 E. Market St., Jeffersonville, Indiana. The picnic was delightful thanks to the courtesy of the Parkers-always the gracious hosts. Mr. and Mrs. Everett Huntzinger of Pendleton were special guests.

"THE FIRST OF THE HOOSIERS"

In Decatur County there lived Captain William Lowry, our mother's uncle. He was a veteran of the war of 1812, and as a young man he had "located" a large tract of government land in that region..... When he settled there about 1818 he had no white man for neighbor within twenty miles of him. Indians were all about, but the pioneer knew how to deal with them in peace-procuring ways.... The only school I can now remember in all the region round about, was one which our great-uncle, Captain Lowry, had built on the outskirts of his own farm, to be used rent free by any wandering schoolmaster who might succeed in securing "scholars" enough to justify him in keeping school.

George Cary Eggleston

OCCASION: Annual Fall Field Trip  
Sunday Afternoon  
September 24, 1961  
WHERE: Clay Township

A caravan will leave the home of the President, 323 N. Broadway, Greensburg, Indiana promptly at 1:15 P.M., Central Daylight Saving Time, to visit the Eggleston country and the scene of THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER.

The first stop will be at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Willard Martin on the Vandalia Road, four miles West of Greensburg.

The final event of the afternoon will be a social hour to be held at Milford. Coffee and doughnuts will be served by the Society.

**BRING AS MANY GUESTS AS YOU LIKE!  
EVERYBODY IS WELCOME!**

NO TRANSPORTATION!

No problem at all. Feel free to call any of the officers. A way will be provided.

RAIN DATE

In the event of rain, the trip will be postponed until the following Sunday.

IMPORTANT!

The Committee requests that those planning to go on the field trip make the fact known to any of the officers. The reason is obvious.

**SHELBYVILLE NEWS:** "Liberty," said Woodrow Wilson, "has never come from government. Liberty has always come from the subjects of it. The history of liberty is a history of resistance. The history of liberty is a history of the limitation of governmental power, not the increase of it."

## TRIBUTE

Peacefully they sleep  
Beneath the giant tree  
That spreads its arms  
To shelter them from storm.  
Quietly now they rest  
From life's tempestuous ways.  
Loved and were loved.  
Their lives a symphony  
Of joy and sorrow  
And God given courage  
To live in wilderness alone  
With faith and hope eternal.  
Strong were they in purpose  
To leave the gracious home  
In old Virginia  
And here - mid trials  
Of which we only dream,  
To claim this portion  
Of the land their own.  
And from the forest dense  
They hewed the sacred  
Dwelling place of man -  
A home.

Sacred in love and faith  
And joy and trust  
Each in the other -  
Holding in their arms  
The gifts God gave them.  
Stalwart and strong were they,  
To wrench earth's gifts  
From her unwilling hands.

Sowing, reaping,

Gleaning, storing -

Joyful in this and more -

Joyful in the wonder of their

Children -

Fruits of their bodies  
Expressions of their love,  
Souls from Heaven  
Sent by a loving Father  
To glorify their lives  
And purpose of living.

Tenderly their children laid them  
Side by side beneath the tree.

She in gentle autumn

Closed her lovely eyes in peace

And lay asleep in the kind earth

Beneath the tree

Whose golden leaves came down

And made a coverlid

To gentle over and soften

The earth so newly stirred.

Two long years went by -  
And he, whose love and beauty

Lay beneath the tree,

And gently beckoned

To a lonely, shattered heart,

Laid down his weary load,

And smiling in the darkness

Whispered - "Coming Jane!"

A hundred years have passed

The world in turmoil and peace.

Wonders never dreamed by them

Now commonplace to all

And still they sleep.

Loving hands placed giant slabs

of stone

Around their resting place,

And bolted them with iron bands

To hold them ever there -

Loving hands placed marble slabs

With names cut deep and true

That those who came might know

Here lies Clayborn -

And here lies Jane -

Proudly the name of Gentry follows each.

And here, by Jane,

A little grave

No name -

A little piece of stone

To mark the place of one

Who came, but never lived.

Reverently we stood

Beneath the giant tree

And gazed in wonder

At the resting place of those

Who lived so long ago.

What were they like?

Why did they come?

Why did they choose this place

In all the wilderness

To be their own?

Gently we cleared the place

Of fallen twigs and stone

To honor them.

And as we turned away

To leave them to their peace -

I bowed my head

And asked God's blessing

On their souls.

-GAIL ALLEY BAILEY

You will find this hallowed spot, high

on the East bank of Sand Creek in Sec-

tion 32, Township 9 North, Range 9

East-ed.

Dear Reader:

Julia was the plainest of the Dent girls, but the warmth of her personality made an immediate impression on young Lieutenant Grant when the two met. When Julia, his bride, first met his family, she - and the reader - learn about the youthful years of Hiram Ulysses Grant; the initials of his name would have led to many jokes at West Point, so Lyss, as his family called him, changed it to Ulysses H. Grant; but the Congressman who signed his application for the Point, had already made him Ulysses S. Grant; and so, he became Uncle Sam, and finally Sam, to fellow-cadets.

After Grant resigned from the Army, he drifted, without success, in and out of several trades, then accepted his father's offer to go into the family's tanning business - which he never liked - in Galena, Illinois. (See feature article of the Editor in this Bulletin.)

The sub-title of the book is The Life of Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant - but a biography of the General and the President who was her famous husband. The author, Ishbel Ross (she is the author of Proud Kate too - I wrote of her in my first letter to you - remember?) sums up the lives of the two in these words: "Each viewed the other through the rosiest of mists, which first floated between them at White Haven (the Dent home) when Julia was nineteen and Ulysses twenty-three....The illusion, served always to make the good moments better and the bad ones more bearable."

I can think of many good reasons why I could predict that you will decide that The General's Wife (the title of this book) is very interesting, informative, and well written, but - "tempus fugit" - as well as space - and I feel sure that the Editor of the Bulletin would frown on undue verbosity on the part of your

Cousin Book-Worm.

#### WE HONOR

Mrs. Mary E. Coombs, the former Mary Martin of Decatur County, a graduate of Greensburg H.S. and a teacher at Milford in the twenties, was recently the honored guest and subject for a "This Is Your Life" program. Mrs. Coombs lives in retirement at Michigantown, Indiana.

#### LOST AND FOUND COLUMN

The Saltcreek Church of Christ was organized January 22, 1831 in Decatur County, Indiana. The charter members were: William Goudge, Absalom Blackburn, Rebecca Blackburn, Samuel McClary and Elizabeth, Joseph Parrish and Martha, Elisha Craglen and Polly, Samuel Githen and Jane, John H. Davis, Mary Davis, Jas. Davis, Martha Davis, Isaac Partlow and Rachel, Allison Snelling and Artimesia Snelling. William Goudge was the first minister of the church and William Snelling gave the land for the church. Mrs. Ida Crim Salisbury, 1303 S. Baltimore Road, Kirksville, Mo. who is a descendent of the Snellings, is currently working on a history of the Linville family and wishes further information about this church, particularly as to its location in the county.

Mrs. Basil Burge, Spearsville Rd., Trafalgar, Indiana wishes information on Charles L. Wilkinson, born in Indiana, enlisted in 1865 at Greensburg in Company I-16th. Indiana Infantry and transferred to the 13th. Indiana Cavalry. She wishes to know the place of his birth and his parents names.

(The ed. suggests that any replies be directed to the corr. secty.)

#### THE SOCIETY'S OFFICERS 1961

President-----Paul H. Huber  
1st. Vice-President---Walter B. Lowe  
2nd. Vice-President-Mrs. Dorothy Doles  
Corresponding Secy.-Mrs. Chas. Loucks  
131 W. Central Ave.  
Greensburg, Indiana  
Recording Secy.-Miss Helen K. Bussell  
711 N. East St.  
Greensburg, Indiana  
Treasurer-----William Parker

"THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER"

ALUMNI HALL

Wednesday Evening, June 3

-\*-

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Ralph Hartsook-----	John Shannon
the Schoolmaster	
Jack Means-----	John Dickerson
Bud Means-----	Enos Porter
Nancy Ann Means-----	Ella Zeigler
Mi randy-----	Clara Lambert
Granny Sanders-----	Fannie Wooden
Nancy Sawyer-----	Ella Doles
Hank Banty-----	Frank Drake
Bill Means-----	Dyer Hazelrigg
Mrs. Johnson-----	Mollie Peery
Walter Johnson-----	Will Christy
Shockey-----	Warren Shane
Mrs. Bell-----	Flora Hutchinson
Mrs. Pete Jones-----	Amelia Hammon
Hannah-----	Maggie Lathrop
Betsy Short-----	Nellie Hollinsbee
Pete Jones, Jr.-----	Will Hamilton
Squire Hawkins-----	Oscar Miller
Martha Hawkins-----	Mary Bonner
Pete Jones-----	John Emmert
Jeems Phillips-----	Dal Tilson
Dr. Small-----	Prof. Allison
Bronson-----	John Dickerson
Judge Underwood-----	Frank McCoy
Schnapps, the-----	Will Christy
dutchman	
Mrs. Pearson-----	Kittie Eddelman
Brother Wadkin-----	Enos Porter
John Pearson-----	Alva Reed

The late Mrs. Fannie Wooden Moss was the last of these Thespians of the nineties. The play was in five acts-ed.

Nurse showing new patient to his room:  
"Now we want you to be happy and enjoy yourself while here, so if there is anything you want that we haven't got, let me know and I'll show you how to get along without it!"

If Patrick Henry thought taxation without representation was bad, he should see it with representation.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

of valuable real estate located in Rockbridge and Bath and new and old Counties, Virginia.

By virtue of decrees entered in.....

a. The undivided one-half interest of John B. Catlett, Jr. in that certain tract of land of 73 acres, more or less, situate, lying and being in Walker's Creek Magisterial District of Rockbridge County, Virginia, on the waters of Big Calf Pasture River and described by metes and bounds as follows:

Beginning at a point in the middle of Big Calf Pasture River in the line of Cyrus H. Judy's land; thence with the middle of said river north 9 deg. West 26 poles to a point in the middle of said river north  $30\frac{1}{2}$  deg. east 26 poles to a point in an abrupt bend of said river; thence north 47 deg. west  $4\frac{1}{2}$  poles to a point in a county road; thence along said road north 43 deg. east 16 poles to a point in said road; thence north 59 deg. east 8 poles to a stone pile near the edge of said road; thence along the foot of a hill north 76 deg. 22.4 poles to a white walnut; thence north 85 deg. east 12 poles to a stake; thence north  $57\frac{1}{2}$  deg. east 6 poles to two "lynn's"; thence north 47 deg. east 10 poles to a large "popular" near the head of a spring; thence three lines around the head of said spring making an offset 60 feet square enclosing said spring, north 43 deg. west 3.5 poles to a black oak; thence north 47 deg. east 3.5 poles to a stake; thence South 43 deg. east 315 poles to a stake in the extension of the former line, completing the offset around said spring; thence from said offset.....

ed's note-This gem from our agent in Lexington, Va. What an easy way for the surveyor to get around the spring!

## BACK TO SCHOOL!

The historical paper below was written by the late William F. Robbins in 1916 about the Malden School in Marion Township, 8 miles south of Greensburg and is typical of early times in Decatur County in the decade before the Civil War. The paper was turned over to the Decatur County Historical Society and is as follows--

I am writing this letter in line of attending the exercises to be held at your school on March 17, 1916 in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the admission of Indiana to the Union of the States then comprising the United States of America.

I was born and grew to manhood within a short distance of the school and obtained the rudiments of an education within the four walls of the frame building which stood on the site of the present building. The first house was a log structure and stood  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile east and  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile south of where the school is now located. This house was about 18 x 24 feet with one window on each side and a door in one end and a very large fireplace in the other. The floor was of rough boards and the walls were the rough logs with the spaces filled with "chinking" and "daubing." The ceiling was made of very coarse planking supported by rough poles. The seats were logs flattened on one side with pins driven in the other side for legs or supports. There were two writing desks, one on each side of the room. These were dressed boards 10 or 12 feet long and 16 or 18 inches wide resting on pins driven into the wall at an angle of 20 degrees from the horizontal. This was about the height of the ordinary standing desk of the present day and a seat was provided which was of the same general construction of the others except it was about 30 inches high and not so wide on top. Pupils whose legs were long enough to reach the floor were honored by being promoted to the "writing desk."

In this school were taught the three R's--Readin, Ritin and Rithmetic and one or two pupils had taken up English, Grammar and Geography, and every day we had some spelling and then on Friday afternoon we spelled all the afternoon. On special occasions on Friday the spelling commenced at 9 A.M. and lasted all day. This school passed out of existence before the advent of the blackboards.

The new frame school house was built in 1858 or 1859, and the first school was taught by James Havens Burk, a son of John Burk, founder of Burk's Chapel and who was one of Gen. Andrew Jackson's famous Kentucky Squirrel Hunters at the battle of New Orleans. James H. Burk afterward became a member of the 37th regiment, and Captain of the company and was killed at the Battle of the Wilderness. He was a man of fine literary attainments and an author of some note. Others who taught from 1860 to 1870 were Platt Wicks, a lawyer, William G. Holland, another lawyer, Leon Lehman, who had more years service in the school room than anyone else in Marion Township, Mrs. Hutchison a pioneer among lady teachers and J.A. Purvis.

At the first school taught in this little frame house there gathered 75 pupils ranging in age from 6 years to 25 years. Perhaps 25 of these were young men and women. How they could all be accommodated in so small a space is beyond comprehension. The textbooks were McGuffey's Speller and Reader including the Sixth Reader and Kidd's Elocution for some of the more advanced pupils, the old reliable Ray's arithmetic and Pinneo's English Grammar. On the wall at one end of the room was a dressed board about 24 x 36 inches in dimension colored with lamp black intended for a blackboard but seldom used. The chalk used came in hunks like broken stone and had to be broken up in hand sized pieces with a hammer. Sometimes it would make a white mark but often was only a scratch made by a piece of gravel imbedded in the chalk. Another great improvement in this school was a heating stove;

something which most of us had never seen before and it offered a youngster a deal of sport to spit on the hot smooth surface and see the bubbles go chasing each other across and back and forth.

We got our drinking water from a spring located in a hollow just southwest of the school. We brought it in a wooden bucket and all drank from the same cup.

Disease germs had not been invented at that time. Measles, whooping cough, mumps, chicken pox, itch and small pox were simply visitations and as such, served to alternate with ague in the summer and fall. Vaccination had then been discovered and was practiced to a limited extent but usually resulted in an outbreak of small pox.

A roster of the school made at that time would contain the names of Burk, Stone, Sholts, Beard, Hutchison, Darby, Gaynor, Robbins and many others who have passed from memory.

The games played were "Town Ball" the proquistor of baseball--"Bull Pen"--"Two, Three, Four" and an almost unlimited number of "Corner Cat"--"Running Base" and when there was snow on the ground "Fox and Grapes."

There were no wall maps or charts at that time and "foolscap" was the only writing paper. This was sewed into a book form and covered with coarse brown paper. The ink was largely hand made--the coloring being "log wood." Sometimes a liquid made from maple bark was used. None of it had any ingredients to prevent freezing and our troubles were greatly augmented on that account. Steel pens were in use but very expensive with "Gillott's 3035" being the favorites. Some goose quill pens were in use but the art of making them was lost about this time. Most of the writing was done on slates but it was not thought necessary for a boy or girl to use these before the age of 10 years.

At that time the school house was headquarters for almost all kinds of entertainment--spelling school, singing school and writing school held at night were important factors in our educational and social system. The question that puzzles me is how a young man ever manages to get a wife or a young woman a husband since these factors have fallen into disuse. I am sure that without them I would have died a bachelor.

I sincerely wish that I could go to Malden School and meet there all the teachers and pupils whom I knew there during the sixties, but I realize this can never be.

May God keep and preserve you and each pupil of your little school and direct you in the right and may you and those who have proceeded prove a help and a blessing to the generations that shall follow.

With kindest regards,

W. F. Robbins

My readers must tell me more about Mr. Robbins. He has written very well. What a fine member he might have been for the Historical Society--ed.

## ANYONE FOR A TRIP?

YE EDITOR recommends Galena, Illinois for a long week-end holiday. This is a town located in the extreme Northwest corner of the state, some four miles from the Mississippi River on it's own Fever River-they prefer to call it the Galena now. Dubuque, Iowa is not too far away and Wisconsin is even closer. Here, many years ago, the Indians mined lead-until the white man came-and took over that operation!!! Today the Eagle-Pitcher Company works those mines. It was here that Jesse Grant set his son Ulysses up in the leather business. Galena, another name for lead-was a boom town in the forties and fifties, had a population of 16,000 and like Shawneetown at the lower end of the state, outshone Chicago. U.S. Grant left his comfortable brick home-still standing-to go to the Civil War. He returned to a more pretentious one-a gift from the City of Galena, and now a state shrine. You will find here one hundred old homes of the Grant vintage, substantial bricks with standing seam roofs that are architects dreams. The present day post-office, to all appearances a modern-day structure was navigable and fifteen to twenty steamboats were tied up at a time. They have the pictures to prove it. One stays at the hotel-the DeSoto that is. Here you climb the grand stair-case as did Abraham Lincoln and U.S. Grant during their political campaign days. Should you be there over Labor Day you might attend the Corn Boil, and event which is something akin to an Indian picnic! If you are interested in antiques you will find them here-nine shops in all. Galena is still a town of 4,000 people, with it's many churches and fine people. Other points of interest are-the ancient 1812 cemetery, the Market House with it's current display of early Illinois architecture-and so well done!-the steps leading to the streets on the slope-Bench Street being one of them, High Street another. What caused the decline of Galena? The natives say-the coming of the railroad,

the Illinois Central to be exact. Call it a decline if you wish-this correspondent thinks that Galena still has everything, not the least of which is history, tradition, architecture, nice people-what more could one want?

## WELCOME! NEW MEMBERS

Mr. William C. Richardson

Mr. Floyd Allison

Mrs. Dorothy Allison

Mr. Don H. Montgomery

Mrs. Anna L. Templeton

Mrs. Edna Berryman-Anderson, Ind.

Mr. Floyd Gatewood

Mrs. Harry E. (Ruth) Buell

Mrs. Berryman is the former Edna Ketchum of Greensburg.

## RECENT ACQUISITIONS

### CENTENNIAL OF THE PARISH OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST, ENOCHSBURG, INDIANA - SEPTEMBER 30, 1945

Rev. A. J. Schneider - donor

### MC COY HISTORY AND GENEALOGY-1904

Mrs. Robert Hamilton Steele,  
Topeka, Kansas - donor

ACROSS THE PLAINS-1852 From the notes of Origen Thomson. Published in Greensburg in 1896 by Orville Thomson. This is an account of the overland journey of Rush and Decatur County emigrants to the "far-off" Oregon, in 1852.

Mrs. Steele - donor.

### INVOICES-SHIRK & EMMERT-1872

No typewriters then.

Miss Mary K. Emmert - donor

Every new opinion at its starting is precisely, in a minority of one.

Thomas Carlyle 1840

This is the last of a series of telegrams pertaining to Morgan's raid through Indiana in July 1863. The source was the Official Record of the Civil War. These were turbulent times-ed.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 14, 1863.

General WALLACE:

Morgan is already across Little Miami and beyond. Can't say the word.

O. B. WILLCOX,  
Brigadier-General.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 15, 1863.

General WALLACE:

General Burnside informed me that the emergency is passed. You will please order your command here as soon as possible, that they may be discharged and return to their homes without any unnecessary delay. Confer with superintendent of railroad about transportation.

O. P. MORTON.

( SPECIAL ORDERS )  
( NO. 267. )

HDQRS. DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO  
Cincinnati, Ohio, July 15, 1863.

3. To the volunteer troops of Indiana who have patriotically and promptly marched at the call of their civil authorities great praise is due, and the general commanding returns his thanks for their assistance, both to them and to the Governor of that State, by whose order they were assembled and organized.

By order of Major-General Burnside:

R. H. I. GODDARD  
Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

Series I, Volume 52  
Part 1 (Supplement)  
Pages 68-70

JULY 2-26, 1863.--Morgan's Raid in Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio.

Report of Maj. Gen. Lewis Wallace, U.S. Army

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., July 27, 1863.

SIR:

I reported to Governor Morton on the morning of the 11th July for duty, and at his request took command of a detachment of the Legion for operations against Morgan, who was then reported in the neighborhood of Vernon, in this State. It appears General Carrington had reported to General Willcox that as early as 9 a.m. a body of troops 2,200 or 2,500 strong were ready to march. I waited for them at the depot of the Madison and Indianapolis Railroad, intending to put them on the cars and proceed immediately to Vernon. About 10:30 a.m. Colonel Shuler reported his regiment there. Upon inquiry I found they had no ammunition. Shortly after Colonel Gregory reported with his command. It also was without ammunition. In

addition it was without rations. These were all reported. Their united strength was about 1,300 effective. I waited for ammunition till about 4 p.m. Receiving a limited supply a start was then made for Vernon. At Columbus news was received that Morgan had surrounded Vernon; that General Love was in the place with about 1,200 men; that a surrender had been demanded of him; that he refused compliance, but wanted re-enforcements immediately; that Morgan's whole force, about 8,000 strong, with six pieces of artillery, was around the town. About the same time I was informed that the Fifteenth Indiana Battery had left Indianapolis to report to me. Though very anxious to put out to General Love's relief, I waited for the battery, and in the meantime made every preparation for a fight. As I had to approach Vernon after night, and had reason to expect that Morgan, if he was seriously demonstrating against the place, would attempt to prevent the re-enforcement of Love, it was necessary to anticipate as far as possible every contingency and provide against them beforehand. I made no doubt that I would be attacked while in the cars, where my raw command would be at great disadvantage. The contingencies of such an event was what I had to anticipate and provide for. This will account for the airy conditions of the box-cars in my trains, which was doubtless observed by the railroad agents next morning. All my orders were promptly executed except by the captain of the battery. He was directed to harness his horses and keep them so in the cars. He neglected the order and, as a consequence, the little column had to wait for him and his battery at North Vernon until after daylight before it could move. At Columbus I procured a pilot engine and arranged signals. One long whistle from the pilot was to signify obstruction on the track; three long whistles, the enemy. At this latter my command was to disembark and form for battle. Except for these purposes the engineers received positive orders not to sound a note. To my great annoyance, however, some of them kept up their ordinary practice and whistled on their loudest key at the stations and switches. I reached North Vernon about 1 o'clock in the morning. About 6 a.m., the column started for Old Vernon, where we arrived only to be informed that Morgan had decamped with his whole force. My engineers had given him due notice of our approach, and, mounting his men, he made Dupont, some ten miles distant, by the time the battery was unloaded and in place in the column. This movement of Morgan's satisfied me of what I thought I knew before, viz, that he would not fight if he could help it; also that, as against him, infantry could accomplish nothing more than the defense of towns and railroad bridges. To think of catching him with footmen was folly. At Vernon General Love turned the command over to me. That officer and his subordinates are really entitled to great credit. He had, besides firmly rejecting the demand for surrender, made the best possible disposition of his little force to defend the towns, and, like his men, was willing and was ready for the fight.

morning of the 14th instant, I marched to Sunman's Station, on the Indianapolis and Lawrenceburg Railroad. On the 16th instant the command was ordered to return to Indianapolis. While lying at Vernon, I issued an order for the collection by impressment of all the horses within three miles of the place. The execution of this order was given to Colonel Shuler. So industriously did he work that by 3 o'clock he had 160 horses. These were at once mounted by details from his regiment and Colonel Gregory's. The command of the detachment was given Colonel Shuler, and he started in pursuit with the following Order.

VERNON, IND., July 12, 1863.

Colonel SHULER:

With your mounted men you will follow vigorously on the route of the rebel Morgan, harassing his rear, picking up stragglers, and never leaving his path while in Indiana.

LEW WALLACE,

General Commanding.

The colonel outstripped General Hobson's cavalry and overtook the enemy at Harrison, where he reports having had quite a skirmish. It is very much to be regretted that the Legion consists so entirely of infantry. Two or three regiments of cavalry would have stopped Morgan before he passed into Ohio. I respectfully suggest attention to the organization of that arm of the service. In conclusion, I have no doubt that the men under my command would have quitted themselves very handsomely in a fight. Their conduct under arms was in every respect creditable.

Very respectfully, general, your friend and servant,

LEW. WALLACE.

Adj't. Gen. L. Noble.

---o---

Report of troops at North Vernon, July 13, 1863.

	Enlisted men for duty	Officers.
Boone County Regiment, Col. Gregory, commanding	575	32
Battalion, Lt-Col. Hays commanding	386	9
" , Col. Bennett commanding	500	22
Fifteenth Indiana Battery, Capt. _____ commanding	122*	
Detachment 9th Ind. Legion, Capt. Adams "	42	2
" " " " , Capt. Ennis "	65	3
	<u>1,690</u>	<u>66</u>
Detachment (at Vernon) Col. DeLand commanding	400	18
11th Indiana Legion, Col Williams commanding	169	9
	<u>Total.....</u>	<u>2,259</u>

\*Six guns--three inch rifles

THE BULLETIN

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY

VOL. 1 - No. 12

Greensburg, Indiana

November 18, 1961

EARLY BIRDS

Why not be prepared to renew your membership at the dinner meeting, for the coming year and thus qualify as an **EARLY BIRD**? Your card will be waiting for you.

And as a suggestion - a dollar membership for an interested friend, makes an excellent Christmas gift.

COMMITTEES

ANNUAL DINNER MEETING

Program & Dinner

Mrs. Helen Marlin, ch.  
Mr. John Parker  
Paul H. Huber, ex off.

Reservations & Ticket Sales

Mrs. Dorothy Huber, ch.  
Mrs. Dorothy Doles  
Mrs. Ruth Skinner  
Miss Marguerite Tillson  
Miss Victoria Woolverton

Display

Mrs. Margaret Wyant, ch.  
Mrs. Jennie McKee  
Mrs. Harriett Reed  
Mr. Frank Guilkey  
Mr. Dennis Martin  
Mr. Carroll Pleak  
Mr. Roy Small

Audit

Miss Kathryn Taney, ch.  
Mrs. Bertha Alexander

Nominations

Mr. Frank Marlin, ch.  
Mrs. Ethel Lanham  
Mrs. Mary Rutherford

OCCASION: Third annual dinner meeting and election of officers.

SPEAKER: Col. Howard H. Bates

DATE: Saturday, December 2nd.  
6:30 P.M. Fast Time

PLACE: Presbyterian Church, N.E.  
corner of the square,  
Greensburg, Indiana.  
Entrance on Washington St.

RESERVATIONS

In so far as is possible, please use the reservation blank found elsewhere in this issue of the BULLETIN. By so doing, you will avoid congestion at the door. Please cooperate by mailing your reservations.

If you fail to make a reservation by mail, please call any of the following, not later than Wednesday, November 29th, if you plan to attend the dinner.

Tickets are \$1.50 each.

Mrs. Dorothy Doles	4-4521
Mrs. Dorothy Huber	3-7773
Mrs. Ruth Skinner	3-6934
Miss Marguerite Tillson	3-6745
Miss Victoria Woolverton	2-1844

\*\*\*\*\*

Col Howard H. Bates, of Indianapolis comes to us again, this by popular request. You will recall his fine talk of last year on Indiana in the Civil War. On this occasion he will go even farther back into history and bring us THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. For many of us, our beginnings are so remote, and about which we have so little knowledge, that we are looking forward with a great deal of anticipation to hearing Col. Bates. Valley Forge and Yorktown are more than mere incidents in our American heritage.

IF YOU ARE UNABLE TO COME FOR DINNER,  
FEEL FREE TO ATTEND THE MEETING LATER.  
EVERYBODY IS WELCOME!

RIPLEY COUNTY- Pompey's Pillar is a pinnacle of limestone to be found about two miles southeast of Millhousen near the home of the Fowl Brothers. Who has seen this unusual formation?

VIRGINIA- The Shenandoah Valley was a focal point of operations throughout the Civil War. Running from southwest to northeast, its lower (northern) end opened into the heart of the Union and was an ideal avenue of invasion for both sides. The Valley was formed by the Alleghany Mountains to the west and the Blue Ridge to the east. The bountiful harvests of wheat, corn and apples gathered each autumn in the Valley made it a bread basket for eastern Confederate armies. It also gave rise to the fame of such military leaders as Stonewall Jackson, Turner Ashby, Jubal Early and Philip Sheridan. (It is somewhat commercialized now-ed)

EARLY DOCTORS- The first medical society of Decatur County was formed on January 25, 1847 with Drs. A. Carter, William Armington, John L. Armington, George W. New, Sam C. Bartholomew, John Ritchey, Lewis McAllister and William Ardery as charter members. Two years later Drs. Joseph C. Ardery, John L. Armington, John A. Moody and George W. New were sent to Indianapolis, where they helped to organize on June 6, 1849 "The State Medical Association."

FOOTBALL- Back in 1895 when football was little more than organized mayhem, Greensburg had one of its first teams. In those days the team that could batter, ram, and shove the hardest, won the game, as the forward pass, runs and cutbacks were unheard of. Modern improvements such as head-guards, shoulder and thigh pads were unknown. There were no coaches to direct the play. The well dressed football player of that decade rigged himself out in a pair of thinly-padded canvas pants, a turtle-necked sweater and a sort of long-sleeved canvas corset, that perversely laced up the front. Broken bones were the rule rather than the exception, because of lack of protection, and rough play. Some of the players on this early team were Fred L. Thomas, Dale Pohlman, Frank Bell, Harry Sandusky, Cort Hunter, Orville Skeen, McGarvey Cline, Herbert Skeen, George Beeson and Bert Morgan.

A MEMORABLE OCCASION- On April 6, 1907 fourteen patriotic women, who had received their card of acceptance from the National D.A.R. met at the home of Mrs. Joseph Kitchen and formed a chapter of the D.A.R. to be called THE LONE TREE CHAPTER. Mrs. E. C. Stimson was made regent and named the following ladies to fill the offices of the chapter:-

Vice-regent	Mrs. Lizzie W. Turner
Secretary	Miss Emma Donnell
Cor. Secty.	Mrs. Pearl K. Woodfill
Treas.	Mrs. Elizabeth T. Woolverton
Registrar	Miss Elizabeth Shirk
Historian	Miss Sue Montgomery

This organization seeks to commemorate the glorious achievements of their ancestors in the great war that gave us American Independence. (The membership is restricted to the direct descendants from families who were represented by fathers who were in the Revolutionary War.)

THE LINCOLNS- Sarah Bush Lincoln, Abraham Lincoln's beloved stepmother, who survived him almost four years, is buried near Charleston, Illinois, alongside her husband Thomas Lincoln. She never met Mary Todd Lincoln who lived until 1882.

Dear Reader:

Your Cousin Book-Worm wonders if you are familiar with a fascinating book in the Greensburg Library, entitled Historic Mid-West Houses. The author, John Drury writes: "Perhaps the most appealing relics of great men and women...are the houses in which they lived. ...Seeing his favorite rocker, his walking stick, or his slippers, we receive an...impression of kinship... and feel the simple humanity common to all of us." The author's interest, he tells us was "more historical than architectural"; he tells "the story of a house in terms of the person who made it historic."

Read, for instance, of the home in which General William Henry Harrison lived in Vincennes, while he was governor of the Territory of Indiana; built in the early 1800s, in the Georgian style of plantation houses of Tidewater Virginia, it is said to have cost some \$20,000.00; the General called it Grouseland - it is now commonly called the White House of the West. Or, read about Edward Eggleston's boyhood home in Vevay, and the "loud school" that he attended in a nearby log cabin. Read too, about the House in Lockerbie Street. These are a few of the Indiana homes of which John Drury has written.

Turn to pages devoted to famous homes in the "Show Me" State, and read about the Mark Twain house in Hannibal, Missouri - where many of the Tom Sawyer-Huck Finn escapades took place.

I cite these few, as appetizers, so "come and get it" - the book, that is, from the Greensburg Library. You'll enjoy the many illustrations on its pages too.

Dear Cousin Reader, why don't you browse for a while in the volume that inspired this letter from your

Cousin Book-Worm.

#### MEMBERSHIP

Open to everyone having an interest in history and his heritage. The annual dues are \$1.00 each, payable in advance. The fiscal year ends December 31st. Please direct all applications and renewals to the Recording Secretary-

#### AN EARLY BASEBALL TEAM

The years 1907 through 1911 saw another baseball team, hitherto unheralded. This was the New Pennington team which as a "sand lot" aggregation played for the fun of playing, had its share of loyal rooters and for whom the outcome of the game, if they won—"there was joy" -and if they lost, there was gloom. The lineup will reveal that there were mostly Parmer boys on the team—simply because there were more Parmer boys. Their Grandmother Castor provided the field where they had a "skinned" diamond. Korte's meadow and Ed York's pasture were also the scenes of terrific battles, as baseball games go. They used anyone who would consent, as an umpire. If short a player, they would borrow one from the opposing area. In their latter years, they even had uniforms—but the lack of them was no deterrent to their play and love for the game. Their opponents were neighboring towns such as Napoleon, New Point, Smyrna, St. Paul, St. Maurice and Batesville. "Briarville" not shown on the map but known to be north of Napoleon was another adversary. At times the scores were large, but no greater than in some of the professional games played today. In general the players came from the area bounded by New Pennington, Mt. Etna and Peanut Hill. A public grade school made for Mt. Etna and Peanut Hill which lay one mile south in Ripley county had a general store in the early days. But to get back to the team— one lineup was as follows:

Clyde Parmer, c  
Claude Parmer, p & mgr.  
Todd Alexander, 1b  
Roy Ingram, 2b  
Scott York, ss  
Roll Parmer, 3b  
John Hart, 1f  
Cleve Snedeker, cf  
John Parmer, rf

Other players were Paul Miller, William Shouse and the youngsters Everitt Parmer and Jos. E. Parmer. Harold Wolfe, later a star pitcher for New Point and Batesville helped out on occasions. The team finally broke up by attrition. Employment elsewhere, marriage and other factors took its toll. These boys are no longer playing baseball except in their memory—but for them and most of us—what glorious days they were—the days when every crossroad had a team!

## WELCOME! NEW MEMBERS

Mrs. Emil Gruneisen- Indpls.  
Mrs. Mary M. Coombs- Michigantown, Ind.  
Mr. Willard Martin  
Mrs. Willard Martin  
Mr. James R. Eggleston- Dillsboro  
Mr. Albert L. Webster  
Mrs. Albert L. Webster  
Mr. Charles Osburn  
Mrs. Charles Osburn  
Mr. Rexford H. Smith  
Mr. Edgar Craig  
Mrs. Margaret Beagle 326

Mrs. Gruneisen is the former Gladys Donnell of the Kingston community. Mary Martin Coombs, a native of Clay township, formerly taught school at Milford. James Eggleston is a cousin of the author Edward Eggleston.

The following members by virtue of their late membership or for other reasons, are in good standing for 1962 and need have no concern about their membership status for the coming year. They are as follows-

Mrs. Margaret Beagle  
Mrs. Edna Berryman  
Mr. Harry E. Buell  
Mrs. Harry E. Buell  
Mrs. E. C. Burkert  
Mrs. Mary M. Coombs  
Mr. Edgar Craig  
Mr. James Eggleston  
Mrs. Janet Fogg  
Mr. Arthur Fushman  
Mr. Floyd Gatewood  
Mrs. Emil Gruneisen  
Mr. Robert D. Hall  
Mr. Paul Hamilton  
Mr. Charles A. Hessler  
Mrs. E. C. Jerman  
Mr. John E. King  
Mr. Henry Kluemper  
Mrs. John Kuert  
Mrs. Charles A. Kuhn  
Mr. Willard Martin  
Mrs. Willard Martin  
Mrs. Robert L. Meek, Sr.  
Mrs. Carlos Oak  
Mr. Charles Osburn  
Mrs. Charles Osburn  
Mr. Rexford Smith  
Mr. Albert L. Webster  
Mrs. Albert L. Webster  
Mrs. Shirley Williams  
Mr. Grant Henderson

## REVOLUTIONARY WAR SOLDIERS BURIED IN DECATUR COUNTY

Samuel Alley  
Elijah Barnes  
John Boyer  
Josiah Collins  
John DeMoss  
Jeremiah Dugan  
Thomas Donnell  
Edward Danken  
Jacob Falconbury  
James Foster  
Benjamin Gosnell  
John Gray  
Thomas Horton  
George King  
Joseph Lee  
Samuel Lloyd  
Samuel Lovejoy  
Thomas Meek  
Spencer Menefee  
Hugh Montgomery  
John Pemberton  
Elijah Piles  
John Pritchard  
William Robbins  
Levi Weston  
John Yarbaugh

## MEMBERSHIP REPORT TO DATE

October 31, 1961

Total enrollment-----	326
No dues since 1959-----	38
No dues since 1960-----	15
Requests to discontinue membership	3
Deceased-----	4
Out of county members-----	44
Resident members-----	222
Total	326

## THE SOCIETY'S OFFICERS 1961

President----- Paul H. Huber  
1st. Vice-President--- Walter B. Lowe  
2nd. Vice-President-Mrs. Dorothy Doles  
Corresponding Secy.-Mrs. Chas. Loucks  
131 W. Central Ave.  
Greensburg, Indiana  
Recording Secy.-Miss Helen K. Bussell  
711 N. East St.  
Greensburg, Indiana  
Treasurer----- William Parker

## THE PONY EXPRESS AND "MOUNTAIN STEAMBOATING"

One hundred years ago St. Joseph, Missouri was the Western terminal of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, the Eastern terminal of the Pony Express and by far the most important river port west of St. Louis, Missouri.

The first cross-country mail service to the Pacific Coast began with the running of the famed Pony Express from St. Joseph, Missouri to Sacramento, California on April 3, 1860. The Pony Express was organized without a subsidy at a time of great national peril. It was, for a time, the only means of communication with California and the east, except by sea, and was instrumental in holding California to the Union during the early days of the Civil War. The Pony Express has become famous throughout the world as the most dramatic expression of American pioneering courage. It will live forever in the hearts of all Americans, young and old.

The mail was brought from the East to St. Joseph on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad. The Pony Express rider was ferried across the Missouri River on a steamboat to begin his historic run. At the time, steamboating on Western rivers was approaching its peak of development. Daily steamboat service was offered between St. Joseph and St. Louis. The Polar Star, owned by Capt. Thomas N. Brierly of St. Joseph, Missouri was in the St. Louis service. It had the reputation of serving the best table of any boat on the Western rivers. Steamboats, such as the Polar Star, were regarded as floating palaces. The Steamboat Polar Star later became General Grant's flagship at Vicksburg.

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This "Mountain Steamboating" was the backbone of the development of Northwest America. The Missouri River was the greatest highway that the world had ever known up to that time. Up this river passed an endless stream of people and materials to build a vast empire from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean. In all history perhaps no migration ever covered so great an area in so short a time. The credit of being the prime movers in this great spectacle goes to the "Mountain Steamboats" and the brave men who operated them. Their work is done but the romance of "Mountain Steamboats" ever lingers.

ed's note- The pony express only existed for a year or two but it left such a niche in history, that we think the story is worth retelling.

IN DEFENSE OF THE BALD EAGLE- The bald eagle is in trouble. Big trouble. Not only is his physical existence threatened, but historians are attacking his status as the proud symbol of the Republic.

Naturalists report that there are fewer than a thousand pairs of this native species left in the entire country. The guns of hunters, the inroads of civilization, and the ingestion of DDT in dead fish are killing them off.

As if the eagle did not have enough troubles, along comes Professor Richard B. Morris of Columbia University to deliver the unkindest cut of all. Writing in THE NEW YORK TIMES several months ago, he decried the eagle as a symbol of the bristling American imperialism we are trying to forget.

From the pages of history he called up a powerful ally. Benjamin Franklin, a member of the original committee assigned to choose the seal of the United States, did not like eagles, preferring the turkey, "a much more respectable Bird, and a true Native of America." Professor Morris himself proposed to substitute the head of the Statue of Liberty, "the true symbol of America's hospitality to all creeds, races and national stocks."

But even that gracious lady seems unlikely to replace the eagle in American hearts. And what red-blooded American could thrill to the strains of "Under the Double Turkey?" How could we eat our national symbol in such vast quantities on Thanksgiving? Who would want his son to be a Turkey Scout?

Even the original Americans, the Indians, held the eagle in high repute. In the "Invitation Song" of the Iroquois occur these stirring lines:

Screaming the night away,  
With his great wing feathers swooping the darkness up;  
I hear the Eagle-bird pulling the blanket back  
Off from the eastern sky.

#### AMERICAN HERITAGE

THE LAST MEETING- The annual fall field trip of the Society held Sunday, September 24th, was notable for the interest displayed by the hundred or so attending. The theme of the afternoon had to do with Edward Eggleston, his days spent in Decatur County and his classic story- THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER. Enroute the group stopped at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Willard Martin to hear him discuss the restoration of the original iron fence which once surrounded the court house and which now adorns their country home. Other stops were made at the site of the Liberty School which is held by many to be "the school" and also at "the spring" on the former Caleb Stark farm- both of which figured in the original story. The tour continued into Milford where the group assembled in the basement of the new Methodist Church to hear Mr. Smiley Fowler, editor of the GREENSBURG TIMES, discuss "facts and fiction" of the community as they were woven into Eggleston's story. A native of Milford, a student and a correspondent of George Cary Eggleston, Mr. Fowler spoke knowingly about his subject. A walking tour of Milford, conducted by Mr. Rexford Smith, was another nice feature of the afternoon. After coffee and doughnuts were served by the ladies of the church, the tour was resumed to visit the famous old mausoleum of Doddridge Alley, located one mile north of the village. Here Mrs. Hester Alley Porter related the history of her ancestor, the first sheriff of Decatur County. A cousin of the author, Mr. James Eggleston and his family from Dillsboro, were guests as were others from California, Indianapolis, Shelbyville, Vevay and Pendleton.

IMPORTANT!  
DINNER RESERVATIONS!

Date \_\_\_\_\_

Mrs. Dorothy Huber  
323 N. Broadway  
Greensburg, Indiana

Dear Mrs. Huber:

Enclosed please find my check in the amount of \$ \_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_  
reservations at \$1.50 each for the annual 1961 dinner meeting of the DECATUR  
COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Signed \_\_\_\_\_

Make check payable to DOROTHY HUBER, CHAIRMAN  
Your dinner tickets will be waiting for you at the door.

MAIL RESERVATIONS EARLY- TO BE RECEIVED NOT LATER THAN WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29th.

4521  
7773  
6934  
2745

THE BULLETIN

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY

VOL. 1 - No. 12

Greensburg, Indiana

November 18, 1961

EARLY BIRDS

Why not be prepared to renew your membership at the dinner meeting, for the coming year and thus qualify as an EARLY BIRD? Your card will be waiting for you.

And as a suggestion - a dollar membership for an interested friend, makes an excellent Christmas gift.

COMMITTEES

ANNUAL DINNER MEETING

Program & Dinner

Mrs. Helen Marlin, ch.  
Mr. John Parker  
Paul H. Huber, ex off.

Reservations & Ticket Sales

Mrs. Dorothy Huber, ch.  
Mrs. Dorothy Doles  
Mrs. Ruth Skinner  
Miss Marguerite Tillson  
Miss Victoria Woolverton

Display

Mrs. Margaret Wyant, ch.  
Mrs. Jennie McKee  
Mrs. Harriett Reed  
Mr. Frank Guilkey  
Mr. Dennis Martin  
Mr. Carroll Pleak  
Mr. Roy Small

Audit

Miss Kathryn Taney, ch.  
Mrs. Bertha Alexander

Nominations

Mr. Frank Marlin, ch.  
Mrs. Ethel Lanham  
Mrs. Mary Rutherford

OCCASION: Third annual dinner meeting and election of officers.

SPEAKER: Col. Howard H. Bates

DATE: Saturday, December 2nd.  
6:30 P.M. Fast Time

PLACE: Presbyterian Church, N.E.  
corner of the square,  
Greensburg, Indiana.  
Entrance on Washington St.

RESERVATIONS

In so far as is possible, please use the reservation blank found elsewhere in this issue of the BULLETIN. By so doing, you will avoid congestion at the door. Please cooperate by mailing your reservations.

If you fail to make a reservation by mail, please call any of the following, not later than Wednesday, November 29th, if you plan to attend the dinner.

Tickets are \$1.50 each.

Mrs. Dorothy Doles	4-4521
Mrs. Dorothy Huber	3-7773
Mrs. Ruth Skinner	3-6934
Miss Marguerite Tillson	3-6745
Miss Victoria Woolverton	2-1844

\*\*\*\*\*

Col Howard H. Bates, of Indianapolis comes to us again, this by popular request. You will recall his fine talk of last year on Indiana in the Civil War. On this occasion he will go even farther back into history and bring us THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. For many of us, our beginnings are so remote, and about which we have so little knowledge, that we are looking forward with a great deal of anticipation to hearing Col. Bates. Valley Forge and Yorktown are more than mere incidents in our American heritage.

IF YOU ARE UNABLE TO COME FOR DINNER,  
FEEL FREE TO ATTEND THE MEETING LATER.  
EVERYBODY IS WELCOME!

RIPLEY COUNTY- Pompey's Pillar is a pinnacle of limestone to be found about two miles southeast of Millhousen near the home of the Fowl Brothers. Who has seen this unusual formation?

VIRGINIA- The Shenandoah Valley was a focal point of operations throughout the Civil War. Running from southwest to northeast, its lower (northern) end opened into the heart of the Union and was an ideal avenue of invasion for both sides. The Valley was formed by the Alleghany Mountains to the west and the Blue Ridge to the east. The bountiful harvests of wheat, corn and apples gathered each autumn in the Valley made it a bread basket for eastern Confederate armies. It also gave rise to the fame of such military leaders as Stonewall Jackson, Turner Ashby, Jubal Early and Philip Sheridan. (It is somewhat commercialized now-ed)

EARLY DOCTORS- The first medical society of Decatur County was formed on January 25, 1847 with Drs. A. Carter, William Armington, John L. Armington, George W. New, Sam C. Bartholomew, John Ritchey, Lewis McAllister and William Ardery as charter members. Two years later Drs. Joseph C. Ardery, John L. Armington, John A. Moody and George W. New were sent to Indianapolis, where they helped to organize on June 6, 1849 "The State Medical Association."

FOOTBALL- Back in 1895 when football was little more than organized mayhem, Greensburg had one of its first teams. In those days the team that could batter, ram, and shove the hardest, won the game, as the forward pass, runs and cutbacks were unheard of. Modern improvements such as head-guards, shoulder and thigh pads were unknown. There were no coaches to direct the play. The well dressed football player of that decade rigged himself out in a pair of thinly-padded canvas pants, a turtle-necked sweater and a sort of long-sleeved canvas corset, that perversely laced up the front. Broken bones were the rule rather than the exception, because of lack of protection, and rough play. Some of the players on this early team were Fred L. Thomas, Dale Pohlman, Frank Bell, Harry Sandusky, Cort Hunter, Orville Skeen, McGarvey Cline, Herbert Skeen, George Beeson and Bert Morgan.

A MEMORABLE OCCASION- On April 6, 1907 fourteen patriotic women, who had received their card of acceptance from the National D.A.R. met at the home of Mrs. Joseph Kitchen and formed a chapter of the D.A.R. to be called THE LONE TREE CHAPTER. Mrs. E. C. Stimson was made regent and named the following ladies to fill the offices of the chapter:-

Vice-regent	Mrs. Lizzie W. Turner
Secretary	Miss Emma Donnell
Cor. Secty.	Mrs. Pearl K. Woodfill
Treas.	Mrs. Elizabeth T. Woolverton
Registrar	Miss Elizabeth Shirk
Historian	Miss Sue Montgomery

This organization seeks to commemorate the glorious achievements of their ancestors in the great war that gave us American Independence. (The membership is restricted to the direct descendants from families who were represented by fathers who were in the Revolutionary War.)

THE LINCOLNS- Sarah Bush Lincoln, Abraham Lincoln's beloved stepmother, who survived him almost four years, is buried near Charleston, Illinois, alongside her husband Thomas Lincoln. She never met Mary Todd Lincoln who lived until 1882.

Dear Reader:

Your Cousin Book-Worm wonders if you are familiar with a fascinating book in the Greensburg Library, entitled Historic Mid-West Houses. The author, John Drury writes: "Perhaps the most appealing relics of great men and women...are the houses in which they lived. ...Seeing his favorite rocker, his walking stick, or his slippers, we receive an...impression of kinship... and feel the simple humanity common to all of us." The author's interest, he tells us was "more historical than architectural"; he tells "the story of a house in terms of the person who made it historic."

Read, for instance, of the home in which General William Henry Harrison lived in Vincennes, while he was governor of the Territory of Indiana; built in the early 1800s, in the Georgian style of plantation houses of Tidewater Virginia, it is said to have cost some \$20,000.00; the General called it Grouseland - it is now commonly called the White House of the West. Or, read about Edward Eggleston's boyhood home in Vevay, and the "loud school" that he attended in a nearby log cabin. Read too, about the House in Lockerbie Street. These are a few of the Indiana homes of which John Drury has written.

Turn to pages devoted to famous homes in the "Show Me" State, and read about the Mark Twain house in Hannibal, Missouri - where many of the Tom Sawyer-Huck Finn escapades took place.

I cite these few, as appetizers, so "come and get it" - the book, that is, from the Greensburg Library. You'll enjoy the many illustrations on its pages too.

Dear Cousin Reader, why don't you browse for a while in the volume that inspired this letter from your

Cousin Book-Worm.

MEMBERSHIP

Open to everyone having an interest in history and his heritage. The annual dues are \$1.00 each, payable in advance. The fiscal year ends December 31st. Please direct all applications and renewals to the Recording Secretary-

AN EARLY BASEBALL TEAM

The years 1907 through 1911 saw another baseball team, hitherto unheralded. This was the New Pennington team which as a "sand lot" aggregation played for the fun of playing, had its share of loyal rooters and for whom the outcome of the game, if they won—"there was joy" - and if they lost, there was gloom. The lineup will reveal that there were mostly Farmer boys on the team—simply because there were more Farmer boys. Their Grandmother Castor provided the field where they had a "skinned" diamond. Korte's meadow and Ed York's pasture were also the scenes of terrific battles, as baseball games go. They used anyone who would consent, as an umpire. If short a player, they would borrow one from the opposing area. In their latter years, they even had uniforms—but the lack of them was no deterrent to their play and love for the game. Their opponents were neighboring towns such as Napoleon, New Point, Smyrna, St. Paul, St. Maurice and Batesville. "Briarville" not shown on the map but known to be north of Napoleon was another adversary. At times the scores were large, but no greater than in some of the professional games played today. In general the players came from the area bounded by New Pennington, Mt. Etna and Peanut Hill. A public grade school made for Mt. Etna and Peanut Hill which lay one mile south in Ripley county had a general store in the early days. But to get back to the team— one lineup was as follows:

Clyde Farmer, c  
Claude Farmer, p & mgr.  
Todd Alexander, 1b  
Roy Ingram, 2b  
Scott York, ss  
Roll Farmer, 3b  
John Hart, 1f  
Cleve Snedeker, cf  
John Farmer, rf

Other players were Paul Miller, William Shouse and the youngsters Everitt Farmer and Jos. E. Farmer. Harold Wolfe, later a star pitcher for New Point and Batesville helped out on occasions. The team finally broke up by attrition. Employment elsewhere, marriage and other factors took its toll. These boys are no longer playing baseball except in their memory—but for them and most of us—what glorious days they were—the days when every crossroad had a team!

## WELCOME! NEW MEMBERS

Mrs. Emil Gruneisen- Indpls.  
Mrs. Mary M. Coombs- Michigantown, Ind.  
Mr. Willard Martin  
Mrs. Willard Martin  
Mr. James R. Eggleston- Dillsboro  
Mr. Albert L. Webster  
Mrs. Albert L. Webster  
Mr. Charles Osburn  
Mrs. Charles Osburn  
Mr. Rexford H. Smith  
Mr. Edgar Craig  
Mrs. Margaret Beagle

Mrs. Gruneisen is the former Gladys Donnell of the Kingston community. Mary Martin Coombs, a native of Clay township, formerly taught school at Milford. James Eggleston is a cousin of the author Edward Eggleston.

The following members by virtue of their late membership or for other reasons, are in good standing for 1962 and need have no concern about their membership status for the coming year. They are as follows-

Mrs. Margaret Beagle  
Mrs. Edna Berryman  
Mr. Harry E. Buell  
Mrs. Harry E. Buell  
Mrs. E. C. Burkert  
Mrs. Mary M. Coombs  
Mr. Edgar Craig  
Mr. James Eggleston  
Mrs. Janet Fogg  
Mr. Arthur Fushman  
Mr. Floyd Gatewood  
Mrs. Emil Gruneisen  
Mr. Robert D. Hall  
Mr. Paul Hamilton  
Mr. Charles A. Hessler  
Mrs. E. C. Jerman  
Mr. John E. King  
Mr. Henry Kluemper  
Mrs. John Kuert  
Mrs. Charles A. Kuhn  
Mr. Willard Martin  
Mrs. Willard Martin  
Mrs. Robert L. Meek, S  
Mrs. Carlos Oak  
Mr. Charles Osburn  
Mrs. Charles Osburn  
Mr. Rexford Smith  
Mr. Albert L. Webster  
Mrs. Albert L. Webster  
Mrs. Shirley Williams  
Mr. Grant Henderson

REVOLUTIONARY WAR SOLDIERS  
BURIED IN DECATUR COUNTY

Samuel Alley  
Elijah Barnes  
John Boyer  
Josiah Collins  
John DeMoss  
Jeremiah Dugan  
Thomas Donnell  
Edward Danken  
Jacob Falconbury  
James Foster  
Benjamin Gosnell  
John Gray  
Thomas Horton  
George King  
Joseph Lee  
Samuel Lloyd  
Samuel Lovejoy  
Thomas Meek  
Spencer Menefee  
Hugh Montgomery  
John Pemberton  
Elijah Piles  
John Pritchard  
William Robbins  
Levi Weston  
John Yarbaugh

MEMBERSHIP REPORT TO DATE

October 31, 1961

Total enrollment-----326

No dues since 1959	38
No dues since 1960	15
Requests to discontinue membership	3
Deceased	4

Out of county members----- 44  
Resident members----- 222  
Total 326

THE SOCIETY'S OFFICERS 1961

President-----Paul H. Huber  
1st. Vice-President---Walter B. Lowe  
2nd. Vice-President-Mrs. Dorothy Doles  
Corresponding Secy.-Mrs. Chas. Loucks  
131 W. Central Ave.  
Greensburg, Indiana  
Recording Secy.-Miss Helen K. Bussell  
711 N. East St.  
Greensburg, Indiana  
Treasurer-----William Parker

## THE PONY EXPRESS AND "MOUNTAIN STEAMBOATING"

One hundred years ago St. Joseph, Missouri was the Western terminal of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, the Eastern terminal of the Pony Express and by far the most important river port west of St. Louis, Missouri.

The first cross-country mail service to the Pacific Coast began with the running of the famed Pony Express from St. Joseph, Missouri to Sacramento, California on April 3, 1860. The Pony Express was organized without a subsidy at a time of great national peril. It was, for a time, the only means of communication with California and the east, except by sea, and was instrumental in holding California to the Union during the early days of the Civil War. The Pony Express has become famous throughout the world as the most dramatic expression of American pioneering courage. It will live forever in the hearts of all Americans, young and old.

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IMPORTANT!  
DINNER RESERVATIONS!

Date \_\_\_\_\_

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Greensburg, Indiana

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Signed \_\_\_\_\_

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29th  
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THE BULLETIN

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY

Vol. 1 - No. 9

Greensburg, Indiana

February 12, 1961

THE LAST MEETING

The second annual dinner meeting of the Society was very successful. It would seem that the guests were not quite prepared for their being taken back those hundred years to the time of the Civil War - as transplanted they were - by a very able speaker. That they found the evening a pleasure as well as a delightful surprise, witness the following comments -

"I could have listened to it all over again. It was an evening long to be remembered." . . . . .  
"The dinner and the party last night was so right. Never have I had such a nice time." . . . . .  
"I thoroughly enjoyed it. The man could have talked on and on." . . . . .  
"For me, not at all informed on the Civil War - he didn't talk over my head." One dissenter. "No doubt the man had the correct information, but I am not yet convinced, that 12 year old boys went to the Civil War." . . . . .  
"Col. Bates was so interesting that I just couldn't believe that it was over."  
"Much of the music that was played during the dinner, had not been heard by many of us for perhaps a generation."

The work of the Dinner Committee in its attention to the details deserves more than just the passing tribute that we can give it here. There was not a hitch.

Mr. Stuart Wilder, Jr., of Columbus, Indiana, the very personable great-grandson of our Gen. John T. Wilder attended and spoke briefly.

A feller sed tu Nate Swails you hev bin comin tu see my daughter fer a long time now-why dont you come down tu business en Nate sed alright-how much air you goin tu leave her. -- GOSH

OCCASION: Regular meeting  
SPEAKER: Surprise!  
TIME: Tuesday Night, Feb. 28th  
PLACE: 7:30 P.M. Fast Time  
Billings Elementary School  
W. Washington St.,  
Greensburg, Indiana

Variety they say, is the spice of life. For this program we have a variety-we have a capable speaker, discussing an unusual subject, that could be a hair-raiser, plus another feature that proved to be very entertaining on another occasion. Our particular group should find it even more so. The satisfaction of being thrown together with other fine people, kindred spirits, having common interests, should go to round out another good evening and another meeting of the Decatur County Historical Society.

BRING AS MANY GUESTS AS YOU LIKE!  
EVERYBODY IS WELCOME!

Please note that the Billings Elementary School is located on W. Washington Street, just off U.S. 421. There are ample parking facilities East of the building. NO SMOKING PLEASE!

Those are the rules!

TOO MUCH MEETING-TOO MUCH CIVIL WAR!

He arising early on Sunday morning, after the dinner meeting, proceeded to get his own breakfast. She, a late sleeper appears in the kitchen.

He - "Now that we are in the field, everybody must get his own breakfast."  
She - "Well that's just fine. I hope you will remember when the chicken is to be fried this noon."

Dear Reader:

I wonder what you will be thinking when you read that I am urging you to borrow from our Public Library a new HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR? But don't wait! Insert the word PICTURE before the title just given. Note too, that it comes from the American Heritage Publishing Company - a fact which immediately bestows upon these two volumes an honorable patent of nobility. Then too, Bruce Catton's name appears on the title page, and the narrative is a fine example of his inimitable literary style that is the joy of all bookworms; an economy of well-chosen words, which impart life to actions described, and are discerning and sympathetic statements that reveal the thinking which erupted into those actions.

And, of course, you will study the pictures (all 836 of them) with great interest. In themselves, they tell the story of the War - in wash drawings, water colors, etchings, photographs, lithographs, and posters - the work of a "noble army of artists" whose sketches and drawings and photographs have been assembled and reproduced to enable you, dear Reader, to "see the Civil War through the eyes of men who witnessed it."

Did someone say - thanks for the suggestion? Well, you're welcome, - remember, I am your Cousin Book-Worm.

THE SOCIETY'S OFFICERS FOR 1961

President-----Paul H. Huber  
1st. Vice-President----Walter B. Lowe  
2nd Vice-President-Mrs. Dorothy Doles  
Corresponding Secy.-Mrs. Chas. Loucks  
Recording Secy.-Miss Helen K. Bussell  
Treasurer-----William Parker  
Editor "THE BULLETIN"---Paul H. Huber

#### WELCOME NEW MEMBERS!

Miss Marguerite Tillson  
Mr. A. B. Douglas  
Mrs. Walter Easley  
Mrs. Homer G. Meek  
Mrs. Luella Metz  
Mrs. Jeanette Nading  
Mrs. Alva Reed  
Mr. John Paul Taylor  
Mrs. C. B. Williams  
Mrs. Shirley A. Williams  
Mr. Stuart Wilder, Jr. - Columbus  
Mrs. Stuart Wilder, Jr. - Columbus  
Mr. Roy C. Small  
Mrs. C. D. Samuels  
Mr. Glen E. Gabhart - Glendale, Calif.  
Mrs. Jesma Bellmard-Ponca City, Okla.

Elton Gabhart is an accountant in the Golden State and graduated from Greensburg High School in 1919. Mrs. Bellmard is interested in the Allison, French, Tingle and Zeigler families of Decatur County.

#### WHAT IS YOUR DECATUR COUNTY I.Q.?

1. Who was the first County Recorder to use the typewriter in recording deeds and when?
2. Greensburg had macadam streets long before it had paved streets. When, where and what material was used for the first pavement?
3. The names - Krylow, Innes, Vitale, Bachman and Thavius - have what in common as concerns Greensburg after 1911?
4. Which two of the following crops have been grown in Decatur County - cranberries, cotton, flax, hemp or rice?
5. Greensburg with its elevation of 971 is twenty-one feet higher than Pleak's Hill. The highest point in County has an elevation of 1097. Where is it?

HAVE YOU PAID YOUR 1961 DUES?????

## LINCOLN

Along the line of march he hewed  
From deepest wilderness to field  
Of action he has left for us  
A story of success revealed,  
Unparalleled. The scroll he wrote  
Across the ages will not be  
Erasèd, though eons pass, until  
The end of time. No agony  
Can mar the lesson he engraved  
Upon our hearts. We bow in awe  
Before the creeds he justified,  
We practise his immortal law.  
He came from valley and ravine,  
With hand uplifted; with a cry,  
He charged into the border that stood  
Aside to watch a nation die.  
With arm as strong as gnarled oak  
He faced the foe he loved, and God  
Acknowledged the paternal prayer,  
The father with reproving rod.  
And nations, touched with reverence,  
Beheld the miracle and stood  
Abased before the man who strove  
To bind the world in brotherhood.  
When he went down a giant fell,  
He shook the world from pole to pole.  
He sleeps; but men must strive until  
Peace comes to his unquiet soul.

The Greensburg woolen mills are now running day and night and are still behind with their orders. They have on the payroll sixty-two hands, and are manufacturing into goods 4,000 pounds of wool per week. The display of goods at the fair was very fine, both as to quality and quantity. They are gaining a very enviable reputation for good work all over the country, not only in our own State but abroad. It is on a firm foundation financially and cannot fail of success as its owners are all business men of experience.

THE DECATUR NEWS  
SEPT. 6, 1882

Are you bothered with gremlins? Perhaps you haven't paid your 1961 dues to the Society! That may be the reason. Gremlins you can't see, but they get in your crankcase on provocation and cause you lots of trouble. It would be better to pay your 1961 Historical Society dues than to have gremlins!

MORE ON MORGAN'S RAID - ED.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 12, 1863.

General WALLACE,

North Vernon:

Dispatch received. General Hughes was about leaving Seymour for North Vernon this morning. Must be there about this time. Please direct him to keep his mounted men well out, and communicate with me constantly and as readily as possible. If Morgan has gone to Madison, even with his whole force, you will have troops enough without Hughes at Madison. Please order Hughes to keep his infantry ready to move on the cars at either Seymour or North Vernon and send out all the mounted force he has or can collect. Both harass Morgan and bring in information. Will you please communicate as repreatedly as possible with me concerning the whereabouts of Morgan from time to time. Shall hold troops here ready to take the cars for Lawrenceburg, and boats are now waiting there to transport the troops along the river above Madison. Boyle will look out for him should he attempt to cross below Madison. Let us bag the scoundrels without fail.

O. B. WILLCOX

### Brigadier-General

INDIANAPOLIS, July 12, 1863.

General WALLACE  
Vernon.

Send word to Hughes to send all his mounted men in pursuit, and all mounted men that you can raise.

O. B. WILLCOX,

Brigadier-General.

VERNON, July 12, 1863-12:10 P.M.

General WILLCOX, has been sent all mounted force and will be ready to start forthwith. Have ordered Hughes to send me all mounted force. Have raised fifty horses here myself, and will mount and start them forthwith.

LEW. WALLACE

Major-General

VERNON, July 12, 1863--2:00 P.M.

Brigadier-General WILLCOX,  
Indianapolis:

I have received the following dispatch from General Hughes:  
"Morgan has been at Osgood and carried off the operator." Osgood is on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, in Ripley County, six miles north of Versailles.

LEW WALLACE

Major-General

VERNON, July 12, 1863--2:30 PM

Brigadier-General WILLCOX,  
Indianapolis:

The following dispatch has just been received:

"Rebels have burnt Laughery Creek bridge, two miles and a half east of Osgood. We are cut now from communication east. They captured guard left there. S.P. Peabody."

If there is no objection, I will join General Hughes and go to Osgood tonight. I suggest dispatching a force down the Lawrenceburg Railroad.

LEW. WALLACE  
Major-General.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 12, 1863.

General WALLACE,  
North Vernon:

Please leave General Hughes on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad with his original orders to co-operate with Hobson and operate on the line of the railroad. Leave with him the mounted troops and move up to Columbus with your command and Love's. His infantry will give him sufficient strength, as Morgan's main body has passed beyond Osgood, either this way or toward Lawrenceburg. Madison is safe. General Manson is on the river near there with artillery and infantry. Tell Hughes if he can get his mounted troops on the rebels' rear to do so, and keep following them up and telegraph importance.

O. B. WILLCOX

Brigadier-General.

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VERNON, July 12, 1863-4:00 o'clock.

Brigadier-General WILLCOX,  
Indianapolis:

My last dispatches show Morgan in Ripley County. He left Madison on his right. Hobson is by this time between him and Madison. I therefore venture to suggest it is no longer necessary for me to march to Madison. I am trying to get transportation to go to Osgood, at which point Hughes and I can assist Burnside and Hobson. I submit the plan to you. Please answer immediately.

LEW. WALLACE

Major-General.

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VERNON, July 12, 1863.

General WILLCOX,  
Indianapolis:

I would suggest the sending of four or five companies to guard the bridges at Vernon and these towns. The citizens are very uneasy, and the country is full of straggling rebels.

LEW. WALLACE

Major-General.

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VERNON, July 12, 1863-4:15 p.m.

General WILLCOX,  
Indianapolis:

The following has just been sent me from Dupont: "Colonel Hobson with all his force is after Morgan, and almost on his rear." LEW. WALLACE.

Major-General.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 12, 1863.

General WALLACE,  
North Vernon:

Rebels reported to have passed through Versailles at 1:30 P.M., burning bridges on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, and sending detachments toward the Indianapolis and Cincinnati Railroad. They have artillery with them. O. B. WILLCOX

Brigadier-General.

VERNON, July 12, 1863.

Brigadier-General WILLCOX,  
Indianapolis:

It is important that there be sent me immediately three days' rations hard bread for 3,200 men. Please order them to follow me from this point.

LEW. WALLACE  
Major-General.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 12, 1863-9:15 p.m.

General WALLACE:  
North Vernon:

Ten thousand rations have been forwarded to you from Columbus. Rations for Hughes have gone to Seymour. The rebels are attacking at Sunman, on the Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railroad. Gavin is there with his regiment fighting them.

O. B. WILLCOX,  
Brigadier-General.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 12, 1863-9:15 P.M.

General WALLACE:

All accounts agree that Morgan is moving east or northeast from Versailles. It is not necessary for you to come up in this direction. Had you not better march over to Madison with your command, leaving General Hughes at Vernon? If you find boats at Madison, send spare troops and artillery to points between Madison and Lawrenceburg.

O. B. WILLCOX  
Brigadier-General.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 12, 1863-10:15 p.m.

General WALLACE,  
North Vernon:

A rebel detachment was skirmishing this evening with some of our troops, trying to push through to Lawrenceburg. The rebels may at least succeed in cutting their main forces. Was at Hillsborough this afternoon, marching on Aurora. Rush through to Madison and get troops and artillery on board of steamers to oppose the rebels at Aurora or Lawrenceburg. This is a great chance for you.

O. B. WILLCOX,  
Brigadier-General.

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INDIANAPOLIS, July 12, 1863.

General WALLACE,  
North Vernon:

Morgan has force moving toward Greensburg from Versailles. You will please return immediately as far as Columbus and await orders. The Governor desires it as well as myself.

O. B. WILLCOX,  
Brigadier-General.

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INDIANAPOLIS, July 12, 1863.

General WALLACE,  
Vernon:

Operator at Osgood telegraphs: "No rebels at Versailles; a few on plank road between Madison and Versailles."

O. B. WILLCOX,  
Brigadier-General.

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VERNON, July 12, 1863.

Brigadier-General WILLCOX,  
Indianapolis:

The Ohio and Mississippi Railroad is but little damaged, if at all, from this point east. Westwardly its damage is all repaired. A repair train from Cincinnati could fix up the road entire in two or three hours.

LEW. WALLACE

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General WILLCOX,  
Brigadier-General

O. B. WILLCOX

Brigadier-General

JAMES EWARD HAMILTON 1795-1881  
JANE MCCOY HAMILTON 1796-1851  
CYRUS HAMILTON 1800-1879  
MARY MCCOY HAMILTON 1798-1881

Brothers whose wives were sisters

EMIGRATED FROM NICHOLAS COUNTY KENTUCKY

AND AFTER A JOURNEY OF ELEVEN DAYS

ARRIVED AT THIS PLACE MARCH 11, 1822

HERE THEY BUILT THE FIRST CABIN

ON THE TRAIL LEADING FROM THE COUNTY SEAT.

HOW WELL THESE PIONEERS WITH OTHERS, WROUGHT,

IS WRITTEN IN THE HISTORY OF THE COMMUNITY.

A WILDERNESS BECAME AN ENLIGHTENED CENTER.

The descendants of these families

erect this monument to their memory

one hundred years later.

1822-1922

The monument is located two-thirds of a mile North of AUBURN HILL, as we know it today, on the Kingston Pike or Concrete Road.

Robert A. Hamilton, son of James Eward, was closely identified with AUBURN HILL. The area in times past has been referred to as the Settlement.

#### SOME REMINISCENCES OF MY CHILDHOOD DAYS

Out of the mists of the memory of my early childhood arises a square log house where I first saw the light, March 12, 1826. My parents were Kentuckians. Father, James E. Hamilton, born in Nicholas County in 1795. Mother, Jane McCoy, in Bourbon, an adjoining county, the following year. They married in 1818. In March, 1822 Father, Mother and their two little children, Philander and Robert A., also Cyrus Hamilton, a brother of my Father's, and Polly McCoy, a sister of my Mother's, who had just been married, emigrated with them to Decatur Co. Indiana, near what is now Kingston. They went in hired wagons. Much of the way was a wilderness, and they followed a blazed trail, which served as a guide through the unbroken forest, and on the 11th day of March unloaded their household goods by the side of a large poplar log (Tulip tree), the wagons and drivers returning to Kentucky. A temporary shelter was made out of bark, until logs were cut and a cabin erected. Here, away from the blighting influence of slavery, they began their life work to found a home for themselves and their children, and how they worked! Later, a second cabin was built, the one in which I was born. In 1830 the brick house was built, which stands, in good preservation, on the old homestead, still in the family, where I passed my childhood and girlhood, until my marriage to Jacob Clendenin Adams, June 7, 1849. Those early days of my life were indeed in the long ago, and primitive times they were, of life in the far west, as Indiana was then considered. Father being a man of great energy, and strong will and frame, kept everything moving about him. Mother, was energetic and ambitious too, but worked beyond her strength. Almost all the cloth needed for clothing for the family and the home furnishings was manufactured at home. Flax was raised and spun and woven into

cloth. The process of getting the flax into thread, as I remember it, was this: The flax was pulled up by hand out of the ground, and left spread out to dry a while, then was gathered up and laid a big bundle at a time on a hand machine and pounded to break the coarse fibre which encrusted it. Then came the scutching process. A large handful was held by one hand on an upright board or post, and with the other hand on a long knife shaped wooden instrument the flax was scutched or beaten downwards, thus getting out the broken crusty pieces, and the flax was now ready for the hackle. This was a board about six by twelve inches, in which sharp iron spikes were placed in upright position. The flax was drawn through this machine by handfuls again and again, taking out all the coarse flax or tow, as it was called, leaving the long fine glossy fibres which was spun into very fine thread, and woven into table linen, sheets, pillow slips, sewing thread, etc. The tow was also spun into thread and woven into cloth for men's trousers, flour sacks, wagon covers, towels, etc. The flax was wound around a distaff, and always spun on a little wheel. I have often seen my mother sit and spin flax. I loved to watch her draw out the thread turning the wheel rapidly all the time with her foot which was on the treadle. It was easy, comfortable looking work. In summer we wore home made cotton dresses. The cotton thread was bought and part of it colored indigo blue, and part with copperas making an orange yellow, and a little white was put in to brighten it. This was woven into striped, or checked cloth, good and strong, and looked very well too. Two dresses are expected to last, and did last two years--well suited to healthy, romping, climbing children. I remember of being perched in an apple tree one day, and attempting to jump from one of the lower limbs to the ground, a distance of eight or ten feet, but alas, the hem of my cotton dress caught on a projection and there I hung suspended head downward. As I was alone and some distance from the house I despaired of anyone finding me and thought I would die, but my good mother heard my cries and to my great joy came to my relief.

Flannel was made for winter wear. The wool was sheared off the sheep, washed, dried and all the burrs and trash carefully picked out, then sent to a carding machine, (I can just remember of hand cards being used for a small amount of wool) to be made into rolls, when it was brought home, spun into thread and dyed with indigo and madder, which made a pretty red color (No diamond dyes in those days). This was also woven into stripes or checks, and made very pretty comfortable dresses. For the men and boys jeans was made, also what was called fulled cloth. I think the latter was used for overcoats. Woolen stockings were universally worn, and of course knit at home. Sugar, soap, starch, candles, etc., were also made. I can't remember of my Mother making buttons out of thread. Perhaps haw thorns were used for pins, but I do not remember. There was little to buy anything with, and for such things as were absolutely necessary, some kind of cloth was usually made, and exchanged for them.

The canning process was then unknown and there was much drying of fruit. There was a great abundance of peaches. The long row of trees extending along one side of the large apple orchard were always full year after year of luscious fruit. A great deal of it went to waste, or rather was fed to the hogs, but a great many bushels were dried on a kiln made for the purpose. Apples were dried in the sun as the kiln did not answer so well for them. I think much more apples and peaches were dried than were used at home, and were exchanged for necessities. In the very early days Father tanned the leather and made our shoes at night when he could not work on the farm. These were only worn in the winter time or to church, and I do not suppose had much style to them. There was very little work hired--friends and neighbors exchanged work, helped each other. There were many house and barn raisings, log rollings, (great black walnut logs were burnt or split into rails), corn

huskings, flax pullings, wool pickings, apple parings, quiltings etc. Corn planting was always a busy time and all the help possible was taken from the house. I was considered a good dropper--could drop the corn in the intersections of straight rows running both ways, so the corn could be plowed both length and crosswise. It was very tiresome walking on the plowed ground and the dinner horn was a welcome sound, so was the setting sun longingly watched for, as that was the signal for quitting work. The first four working days of the week mother would weave, spin, dye, etc., day in and day out and then on Friday and Saturday came washing and ironing, mending, baking and scouring till everything shone and was in readiness for the Sabbath. By this time she was often laid up with a terrible sick headache, but I do not know that it ever occurred to her that it was caused by over-work. Her busy life was ended when she was fifty-four. My dear, sainted Mother! She was one of the excellent of the earth. Always sympathetic, affectionate, in confidence and touch with her children in all their joys and sorrows. No wonder she was beloved. Father was different in many ways. A man of few words, undemonstrative, but quick tempered and absolute in his government, which was more common in those days. There were no "whys" or "what fors", instant obedience was expected and given, so he had little occasion to punish. Doubtless he loved his children but he did not show it, as a consequence, there was a good deal of fear mixed with the love his children had for him. While not demonstrative, his love for his children was evidenced by his gifts of land on the marriage of each of his children, and later by more land to each one, and still later of money in considerable amounts. In this way he showed more affection and trust than most fathers, and I will insert here a tribute lately received from my brother Robert who is still living at the ripe old age of eighty-six years. "Father was a public spirited man in all public enterprises and improvements--did more work and gave more money than any man to build the railroad (Big Four) to Indianapolis which has grown to a great system. Though as I look back now he took a fearful risk in endorsing the bonds to get money to build the road. If the road had failed, as some of them did, it would have bankrupted him, and as I look back at him leaving the hills of Kentucky a poor man with a small family, stopping in the woods (of Indiana) until a rude cabin was built to shelter the little family, and his long steady life work in building up a great country, I see him in front of a race of giants. He grows bigger and broader as the years go on and the world progresses. He did his full part in the day he lived." I may add that he left benefactions to church and community in which he lived, that will ever keep his memory green. He lived to be nearly eighty-six, and his character and disposition ripened, and sweetened as the days and years went by so that he was beloved by all, and his children and children's children could rise up and call him blessed.

But to go back to my childhood days. Accidents happened of course. I will relate one which seemed very serious for a time as I came near losing an eye. When I was about five years old I fell from a high rail fence on to a clump of spice bushes, and one of the branches ran up one of my nostrils. I pulled out the projecting stick before help reached me. The blood streamed from nose and mouth, and there was a very sick little girl carried home that day and for several weeks afterwards. The opposite eye from the sore nostril was greatly affected, swollen almost to bursting with the lids always closed and every effort to open them seemed unavailing. The doctor probed in my nose but could find nothing, yet he felt convinced that a piece of the stick had been left in somewhere which caused so much inflammation and found he was correct by fitting the pieces of the stick together, but as no one knew what could be done about it, some weeks passed with but little change when a remarkable circumstance happened. A good faithful animal, the mother of a young colt, had been sick for hours with what they called

colic, and at bed time father left her in the door yard, thinking nothing more could be done for her, but the suffering creature seemingly in hope of relief went round and round the house, until finally she fell against one of the side doors which burst from its hinges, landed on top of a bed that providentially was not occupied, and poor Dolly fell dead on the floor inside the room. I was lying in my mother's arms and with the shock my eye opened which had been so long closed. My mother's heart overflowed with thanksgiving and tears of joy fell on my face and from that time on my eye improved steadily. I was aware that there were grave fears that I would be disfigured for life and for some time there was a great difference in my eyes, but I outgrew this to a great extent. But the strangest part of this incident remains to be told. About twenty-three years after the accident occurred, and had been almost forgotten, I was sitting one evening reading aloud to my family, which was rendered difficult by my nose being much stopped up with cold, and I resolved to make an effort to clear it with a good blow, when lo, the identical piece of spice stick, loosened from its moorings of so many years, put in its appearance. I felt it come into my nostril and pressed it out. It was in a good state of preservation, about one and one-half inches long and only one-half of the stick, the crease for the pitch showing plainly on that side and there was considerable bark still on the other side. It was thought it had lodged in the cavity in front of the brain, and I was not aware of the occupant. Doubtless it was better so.

There were no ranges or cooking stoves. All the cooking was done in the great fire place, across which was an iron bar or crane, from which hung a number of pot hooks. From these were suspended kettles, pots and boilers for the cooking process. A very few had brick ovens built for baking, but we had none. We used pot metal skillets and ovens with lids for baking bread and all such things. They were placed on the hearth before the fire with coals put underneath and on the lids, and sweeter bread was never made, although it was hot, trying work in front of a big fire of logs. The bread for our every day use was usually made of corn meal, often what we called "Johnny Cake", which was baked on a long narrow board about six inches wide and baked in front of the fire. It was delicious, so was the light cornpone. This was put into quite a large oven and baked all night in a corner of the fire place. How good it was for breakfast with plenty of good butter and rich sweet milk. Wheat was somewhat scarce. I can remember when it was cut with a sickle and the grain tramped out by horses on the barn floor. Flouring mills were not very accessible. In the early days Father would pile on his large horse, Old Charley, quite a number of sacks of wheat and go to White-water to mill to have it ground into flour. This was twenty miles away and the trip could not be made very often and the flour had to last a long time. Some grist mills for grinding corn were scattered through the country. As soon as the growing corn was dry enough, we children grated corn every afternoon from which delicious mush was made for supper. Mush and milk was the supper for the family all the year round, and what was left over was warmed up in milk for breakfast for us children. Boiled dinners were universal. The meat was boiled in a pot over the fire and some sort of vegetable cooked with it. As a rule there were no second courses, corn bread and milk completing the meal. When we went from home it was on horseback, often two on a horse, and in case of children one behind and one before was very common. Visitors were always expected to stay for a meal, and to stay all night was a common way of visiting.

As there were no matches it was never expected to let the fire go out, or coals would have to be brought from the neighbors. Some fire was always covered in the ashes when not needed for heat. But I have said nothing about any pleasures that we had. It was not all work and no play. Child life in the country in many

ways is beautiful. One restful memory picture that comes back to me often times is of myself and my younger sister, Mary, roaming over the blue grass pastures in the warm bright spring days. It was a lovely place thickly studded over with sugar maples. Wild flowers in great variety were in abundance, as were the feathered songsters. We gathered flowers to our hearts' content, hunted the birds' nests, also the nests of the geese or lingered around the fascinating young goslings. Then there was the winding branch, or brook, where we wandered up and down, removing all obstructions so the clear water could ripple over the pebbly bottom, and we could watch the little minnows dart in and out or glide peacefully along with the current. Oh, the city child does not know of such happiness! Communion with nature is always helpful, always uplifting. David as the shepherd boy communed with nature, so when he became the "Sweet Singer of Israel", what beautiful imagery he had. "Like the tree planted by the rivers of water", "As the hart pantest after the water brooks". "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters". "The Heavens declare the glory of God, -etc". Also the 104 Psalm complete, and many, many other portions.

But I digress, I have not spoken of the educational facilities of my childhood years. Church and Sunday School were started almost with the settlement. The first church building was a large round log structure. Sunday School was at 9 A.M. after which came morning service--a sermon of goodly length. Then an intermission of about an hour when we ate our lunch, then assembled again for another service. So it was along in the afternoon before we reached home, when the catechism was studied and recited to Father in the evening. We took all this as a matter of course and I do not remember that we considered the day at all tiresome. There were day schools for a few months in the winter as soon as there were children to go to them. I was started when I was about four years old. My first school was across the country about a mile through the wood, in a small brick room which was built in the pastor's yard for his study, and which he gave up for a time for school purposes. The log parsonage of several rooms stood near by. The Teacher, Miss Susan Howe, was a Yankee school marm whom the pastor had brought from the East. Home missionary work, no doubt. She was a sweet lovable woman. Children were not dressed so warmly in those days as now--no warm underwear, not even drawers of any kind. So baby that I was I often reached the school room almost frozen, when this kind good woman would take me on her lap to warm me up, put my stiffened fingers in her warm bosom to thaw them out. I remember of crying with the cold as I trudged home through the freshly fallen snow which flew up on my bare limbs and stiffened my skirts. My oldest brother, Philander, was along. He was about eleven years old and I thought him quite a big boy. He saw my distress and persuaded me that I could run faster than he could and we would soon be home, so he made a pretense of running very fast, but let me get ahead, thus beguiling me into forgetfulness of my troubles. Not long after this a brick school house was built near our home and I had no more tribulations in getting to and from school. I have always thought that our teachers were superior to those of country neighborhoods generally. Not only were "The Three R's" taught, but grammer and geography as well, and very thoroughly too, especially was good spelling insisted upon. Spelling matches formed part of the routine in school. I was always chosen first as I seldom missed a word. Arithmetic was not considered so important for girls. I remember of doing an example in long division which covered one side of my slate. I was so proud of it that I carried it home to show my Father. He looked at it but refused to believe that I had done it without assistance. I never progressed very far, for my school life ended when I was very young. It was very seldom indeed that anyone was from home in order to have better advantages in school. My oldest Brother, of whom I have spoken, while yet a boy, had an accident to his knee that made him

a cripple for life, and on that account he was sent to Hanover College where he was graduated in 1839. This brother so full of promise passed away in early manhood aged twenty-eight years. I do not suppose there was ever a thought of my other brother, Robert, going away, for he was to be a farmer, of course, which was all right in his case for he made a very successful one. When I was eleven years old I was taken out of school, and put to the spinning wheel. It nearly broke my heart. I shall never forget the wretchedness of that first day. How weary, foot-sore and hopeless I felt as I walked back and forth by that big wheel, trying to draw out the rolls of wool into something like even thread. With practice the art became easier, but I never was an expert. I never could accomplish as much as my older sister, Margaret, so after a while when I was older I was set to weaving on a loom. This I liked better than spinning and I wove a great many yards of cloth of different kinds in the years that intervened until woolen mills were started through the country, which took this kind of work out of the homes. I had no regret in no longer hearing the hum of the spinning wheel or not seeing the shuttle fly back and forth in the hand loom. I have spoken of my sister, Margaret, and the very name brings up this bright capable sister. Beautiful, too, she was, and so as young girls together, I so timid and bashful, I almost lived and moved and had my being in her, and was almost inconsolable when she married and went to a home of her own. During these years my school days seemed to be ended, but when I was eighteen a new pastor came to us, whose wife was an educated eastern woman, and who probably seeing a special need, opened a private school in her own house, to which I was only too glad to go. There was a rapid review of the studies we had previously gone over, and some new ones added. United States History, advance in Arithmetic, Comstock's Philosophy, with Astronomy in the back part, was taught. I was very much interested in these studies for they seemed to open up a new world of thought. But it was all too short, only lasted one winter, and was my "finishing school". How insignificant were my opportunities compared with those of the girls of the present time. I often wonder what the girls and women of the twentieth century will do with their great opportunities. I trust make better wives, better mothers, beautiful in Christian Character, and in all that goes to make truly womanly women. I had another sister, Fidelia, whom I have not mentioned. She was nearly twelve years younger and so came little into my childhood and girlhood, and after we left the home did not live near each other. The changes that have come since those early days are almost like the passage to another planet. Changes in the whole comfort, convenience and healthfulness of living and working, and in the relief of the sick and suffering.

Just before the discovery of Chloroform my poor Mother underwent a very painful surgical operation. The eminent surgeon for the time, Dr. Mussey of Cincinnati, Ohio, said she was very brave, greatly above the average, but even yet it makes me shudder to think of it, and regret that this wonderful discovery did not come sooner. So it was with many, many other things. The telephone, telegraph, phonograph, and so many other wonderful inventions, too many to even mention in this paper. They would have seemed incredible within my memory, and I often wonder if there can be as many changes and inventions in the next century as in the last one. Flying from one place to another seems almost here, but it is useless to surmise what will take place in the future. Even the end of the world may be near at hand, for we "know not the day nor the hour". One by one the little flock that was sheltered and nurtured in the old house of my childhood has passed over the river. My brother Robert and myself alone remain awaiting the sound of the "Boatman's oar", and of the voice "Fear not I will pilot thee".

The years that I have traveled lie stretching in long array behind me, and I have reached the time that one lives much in memory, hence these reminiscences.

